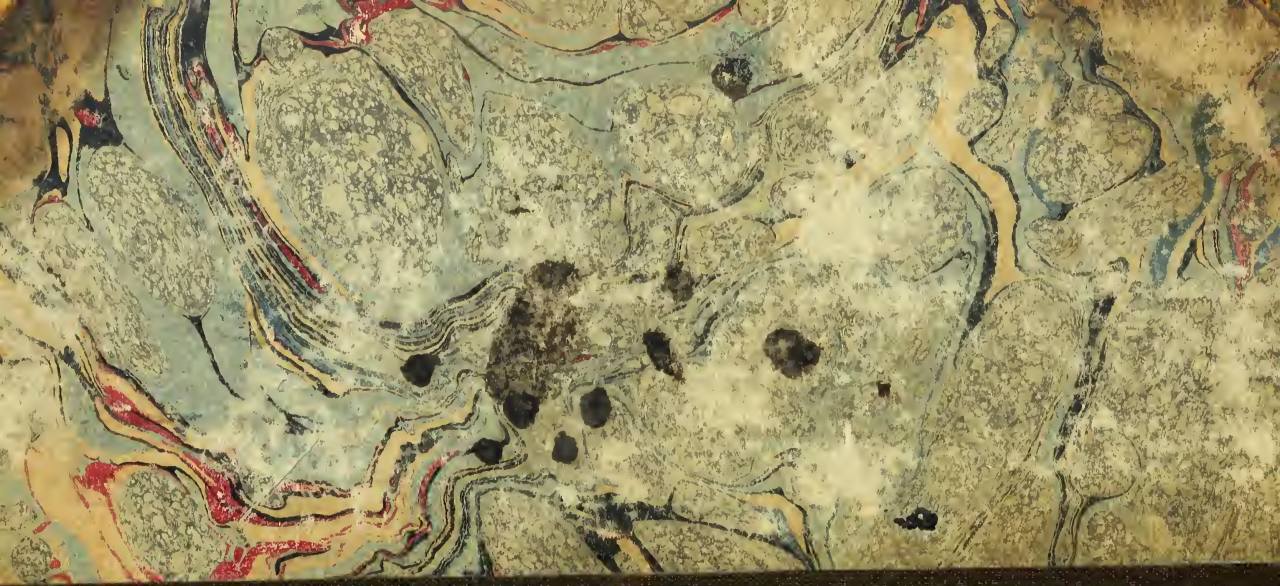

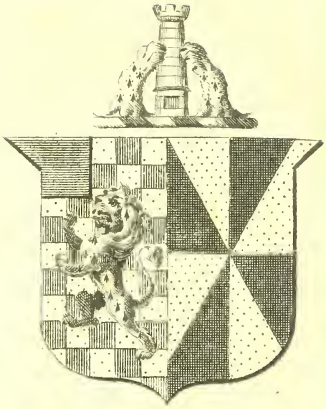

James Scarlett, Esq.

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THE VICTIM OF *MAGICAL DELUSION.*

VOL. II.

THE VICTIM OF *MAGICAL DELUSION*;

OR,

THE MYSTERY OF THE REVOLUTION OF P——L.

A MAGICO-POLITICAL TALE.

FOUNDED ON HISTORICAL FACTS, AND TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

CAJETAN TSCHINK.

By P. W I L L.

VOL. II.

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THE

VICTIM

OF

MAGICAL DELUSION.

AWFUL darkneſs began to veil every object around, the flaſhes of lightning grew ſtronger and ſtronger, the rolling of thunder louder, and the howling of the tempeſt more furious.

The emaciated figure roſe with difficulty, wringing his hands in ſilent agony—and dropped again upon the ground.

"What does this mean?" the Count exclaimed, lifting up his ſtick as if going to ſtrike at the fellow.

"Mercy! mercy! let me reſpire only "a moment—I will confeſs all!"

"Well! then confeſs," I exclaimed, "thou haſt been Amelia's valet, and im-"poſed upon me by two letters."

"Unhappy me! that I did it. I have "been puniſhed very ſeverely for it. "the *Unknown* has dreadfully reſented "that fraud."

"The *Unknown*, with whom thou waſt "leagued?"

No ſooner had I pronounced theſe words when the fellow dropped ſenſeleſs to the ground, foaming, roaring, and labouring under the moſt dreadful convulſions. Meanwhile the ſtorm was drawing nearer; the ſky growing blacker and every object around aſſumed a darker hue. The wind blew ſofter and damper, and the mournful dirges of the owls reſounded in the wood, one peal of thunder ſucceeded the other, and dreadful flaſhes of lightning rendered darkneſs viſible.

At length, the convulſions of the miſerable wretch ceaſed, and he was ſtretched upon the ground without the leaſt ſign of life, exhibiting a view which excited horror and pity. A tremendous clap of thunder

thunder rouſed him from his inſenſibility.

"You are afflicted with the epilepſy?" the Count ſaid, "have you frequently "ſuch dreadful fits?"

"As often as the *Unknown* chooſes to "chaſtiſe me"—he replied in a faint and faltering accent.

"Dare not to impoſe upon us!" I exclaimed, "How long haſt thou been "afflicted with this illneſs?"

"Ever ſince I have deceived your "Lordſhip."

"Thou lieſt, raſcal!"

"May the next flaſh of lightning de-"ſtroy me, if I do!" ſaid he, lifting up his hands to heaven.

The lightning flaſhed, a clap of thunder ſhook the firmament, and awful expectation retained our breath—however, the daring challenger remained unhurt.—The rolling of the thunder re-echoed dreadfully all around, and rain mixed with hail, guſhed violently from the black and heavy clouds. We fled into a grotto which the Count, aſſiſted by the vivid

lightning perceived at a ſmall diſtance. Amelia's valet followed us cloſely, pale and trembling.

"Now," ſaid I, "relate your ſtory, but "be brief."

"Having ſent you the ſecond letter," he began after a ſhort pauſe, "I happened to awake the night following, and found my lamp extinguiſhed; I fancied I heard ſomebody ruſtling by my bed and ſtretched out my arm; but feeling nothing all around, I imagined I had been deceived by a dream and fell aſleep again. A ſhort time after I awoke a ſecond time, and heard diſtinctly ſome perſon walking up and down the room with ſlow ſteps. It could not be a deluſion, for I was wide awake, and the walking up and down continued. Being ſure to have bolted my door and windows before I went to ſleep, my conſternation was dreadful. I wanted to get down my ſword which uſed to be ſuſpended by the bed-ſide, but could not find it. However, I took courage and called to the night-walker, but no anſwer was returned and the

the walking discontinued; yet this did not lessen my fear. I scarcely dared to draw breath, and listened attentively. At length the noise was renewed, and somebody approached, and an icy hand touched my face. I jumped out of my bed, seized with terror, and called for assistance; however, nobody could hear me, my room being situated in a remote part of the house. I attempted to get out of the apartment, but some person took hold of me and flung me violently back; I fell senseless on my bed—A considerable time after, I heard a rough and hollow voice pronounce my name. Despair inspired me with courage, I got up, struck a light, and—My Lord, who do you think was standing before me?"—

A tremendous clap of thunder shattering an oak in millions of pieces, preventing me from returning an answer. We were yet almost stunned, when a second peal ensued. The tree was all in a flame. Paleski trembled violently, his teeth were chattering, and he could scarcely stand upon his legs. At length I asked: "Who

" was that ſpectre which diſturbed you in " your bed-room at night ?"

" The *Unknown* I fancied I ſaw his ghoſt and ſtarted back thrilled with horror, but he ſtepped toward me aſking in a dreadful accent: from what motive I had wrote to you two letters replete with fiction? ſeeing myſelf in his power I thought it would be moſt prudent to confeſs the truth and therefore replied frankly, " Your diſappearing in the apartment of the Counteſs and the miraculous cure you have effected having made me believe that you muſt be a ſupernatural being, or at leaſt ſomething more than man, I wiſhed to ingratiate myſelf with you, and prompted by that deſire, I have intermixed the relation of the recovery of the Counteſs with ſuch fictions as I fancied would exaggerate your power."

" Reptile!" replied the *Unknown*, with annihilating looks, " didſt thou fancy that " I could be bribed by fraud, or aſpire to " a borrowed glory, attained by fiction? " What will the world think of me, when " the fact which thou haſt disfigured by

" lies

"lies ſhall appear in its real ſhape?"—I was going to exculpate myſelf, but the *Unknown* would not liſten to me. "Will "the world not think" ſaid he, "that I "have been privy to that deception, and "ordered thee to divulge it, with a deſign "to give the reſtoration of the Counteſs "a miraculous appearance?" I did not dare to make another attempt to vindicate myſelf againſt his reproaches. He commanded me to follow him, if I valued my life; and I did ſo. A chaiſe was waiting for me at the gate; the *Unknown* ordered me to ſtep in, and to repair to * * * o, where I ſhould receive his farther directions. At * * * o, he appeared again to me. "Take this garment of "a Pilgrim," ſaid he, "and travel bare-"foot to * * * n, where thou wilt meet "the perſon whom thou haſt belied; re-"call, and tell him I have ſent thee." I was afraid to make any oppoſition, and began my pilgrimage without delay. Finding it very painful to walk bare-foot, I put ſhoes on, in order to continue my travels with more eaſe. Would to

heaven! I had never done it! for that very night I was punished with those dreadful convulsions which you mistook for epilepsy. I was afterward always seized with the same disorder whenever I rested longer on my pilgrimage than necessity required."

Paleski's relation was frequently interrupted by the dreadful rolling of the thunder, and the furious howling of the tempest, which continued to rage with unabated violence. At length its fury was spent, the flashes of lightening grew fainter, the thunder ceased to roar, and a gentle rain fell down in small drops.

"Go on with thy story," the Count said to Paleski, who had paused awhile.

"I attempted in vain, to disobey the commands of the *Unknown*.—Several times I ventured to go back, and to take the road to my native town, but whenever I made such an attempt, I was seized with dreadful pains and convulsions. At length, I arrived half an hour ago in this neighbourhood, almost spent, by the fatigues of my long pilgrimage.

The

The charming evening invited me to reſt, I threw myſelf on the graſs and fell aſleep. A violent ſhaking awoke me; the lightning flaſhed, the thunder roared, and the *Unknown* ſtood before me."

"The *Unknown*, who if not executed, is impriſoned at * * * ch, ſtood before thee?" exclaimed the Count. "Art thou mad?"

"Would to God I were mad! to the unhappy ſufferer, it is frequently happineſs to be bereft of reaſon."

"He ſtood before thee, didſt thou ſay?"

"Yes! he ſtood before me with dreadful looks, like a midnight ſpectre. The ſight of him, chilled the marrow in my bones, and my whole frame was ſeized with a tremor of terror when he exclaimed with a thundering voice: "haſt thou recal-"led thy lie, for ſlumbering here ſo care-"leſsly? Or didſt thou fancy to have eſcap-"ed my looks, becauſe thy eyes did not "ſee me? Wherever thou art, my ſpirit is "hovering about thee like the air which "ſurrounds thee! Be gone inſtantly! Woe "unto thee if thou dareſt to eat or to drink,

"or to taſte the ſweets of ſleep before thou "haſt executed my command!" So ſaying, he drove me away, hunting me over ditches and hedges, through thorns and thiſtles, 'till my garment was rent in numberleſs tatters, and the blood trickling down my lacerated feet. Unable to ſuſtain my pains any longer, I began to roar louder than the tempeſt, when your Lordſhip appeared, and my purſuer vaniſhed like an airy viſion."

Meanwhile, the rain had ceaſed, the tempeſt was over, having made room to a beautiful night. The moon peeped through the diſperſing clouds, an aromatic fragrancy enbalmed the air, and the nightingales began to warble in the wood, in ſweet melancholic melody. We left the grotto.

"Haſt thou related thy ſtory faithfully, or impoſed upon me a ſecond time?"

"How could I hazard a ſecond fraud, after I have been puniſhed ſo dreadfully for the firſt?"

"Well I will believe thee. But tell me, what doeſt thou think of the *Unknown*? but

but be ſincere, and ſpeak without reſerve!"

"My Lord! I think the *Unknown* is a ſuperior being!"

"So, thou haſt perhaps heard more of him than we know already?"

"I have heard different accounts of him during my pilgrimage, but I cannot be bound for the truth of what I have been told."

"Well! let us know what thou haſt heard."

"My endeavours to know ſomething ſatisfactory of him proved abortive for a long time. The greater part of thoſe whom I addreſſed with that view, pretended never to have heard any thing of ſuch a man, but ſome ſeemed to be ſtartled at my queſtion, and unwilling to reply to it. At length I was adviſed to repair to a certain hermit who is looked upon as a ſaint by the multitude, and to put my queſtion to him. I went and found him ſitting on the top of a hill before his cell. His head was reclining on his hand, and he ſeemed immerſed in profound meditation. The

noiſe which I made in ſtepping nearer, rouſed him from his reverie; I never ſaw a countenance which commands ſo much reſpect at firſt ſight as his. Although he appeared to have lived above a century, yet his eyes were ſparkling with an uncommon luſtre, and every mien, and every look of his, beſpoke a certain innate dignity which cannot be deſcribed. I muſt confeſs I ſtood before him like a culprit. He enquired what I wanted. I informed him of my deſire. For ſome time he gazed at me with penetrating looks, and then deſired me to follow him, leading me into a dark and narrow apartment, ſparingly lighted by the glimmering of a bluiſh flame, which was burning in a glaſs. He removed ſlowly a curtain from a large mirror, which was ſuſpended cloſe to the lamp, and ordered me to ſtep nearer, while he moved a few ſteps back. Then he aſked me what I did ſee in the mirror? I ſaw my own form." "This is an excellent leſſon," the hermit ſaid, "Learn to know thyſelf, before thou deſireſt to know other people." "I imagined he wanted to decline

ſatis-

ſatisfying my curioſity, and ſaid: "Reverend father! concerning the knowledge of myſelf, I am well aware that I am a poor guilty ſinner." "Look again into the mirror!" he reſumed, "I looked, and ſtarted back with terror." "What doeſt thou ſee?" the hermit aſked. "I behold the very perſon whom I want to know." No ſooner had I pronounced theſe words, than the curtain covered the mirror again.

"Thou haſt pronounced thy own judgment," the hermit reſumed, after a long pauſe of ſilence, "thou doſt not deſerve "to know the man whom thou haſt ſeen "juſt now." "Reverend father," I replied, "although I do not deſerve to know the whole myſtery, yet I hope you will not refuſe me a few rays of knowledge!" He reflected awhile, and then led me into an inner apartment which was more roomy, and better lighted than the former. "Art thou any ways connected with the unknown?" he began after we were ſeated. "I am connected with him in a very diſadvantageous manner," I ſaid, relating to him the whole

whole of my adventures. "Take care "not to offend him," he resumed with a serious look, "for his resentment is "dreadful. Only the most expeditious "and minute execution of his commands "can reconcile thee to him. I know "him. He wanders from place to place, "to reward or to punish, according to the "deserts of men. His actions, however, "are generally veiled in mysterious se-"crecy, and he is rarely seen; yet he "never misses his man, and thou might "sooner escape the keen-sighted looks of "the holy Inquisition than his. He re-"wards and punishes without paying re-"gard to persons; he values the king "and the beggar only after his intrinsic "worth. Silver and gold he does not "want. He is incorruptible like death, "and inexorable like fate. Neither me-"naces nor tears can move him. He "pursues his course without regarding the "opinions and judgments of men, with-"out paying attention to their curses "or benedictions. His course is the "course of unrelenting fate, dark and

"impe-

" impenetrable. The pleaſures of men
" have no charms for him. His uſual
" ſtate is cool equanimity; no paſſion
" ruffles the ſerenity of his mind. He
" cannot be deceived by external appear-
" ances, nor is the moſt conſummate knave
" capable to ſtand his looks. It is ſport
" to him to know the thoughts of indivi-
" duals; the moſt ſecret affairs and rela-
" tions of all ſtates and nations are known
" to him. What has happened ſome thou-
" ſand years ago, events which are loſt,
" in the darkneſs of ancient times, he can
" relate with as much accuracy as if he
" had been an eye witneſs. Should you
" deſire to know the moſt important
" events which happen this moment in all
" parts of the world, aſk him, and he will
" relate them to you as faithfully as if
" they were carrying on in his preſence.
" He penetrates the dark veil of futurity,
" and never has a prediction of his proved
" erroneous. In the midſt of human
" ſociety he lives retired and friendleſs
" like a citizen of another world. His
" ſole, moſt intimate confidant is nature,

" the

" the knowledge of whose hidden mysteries
" enables him to produce effects which
" fill every body with astonishment. It
" is not less certain, that he is possessed
" of the art to transform the ignobler
" metals into gold, and that he is gifted
" with the power of rendering himself in-
" visible. I myself have been present
" when surrounded by a large multitude
" who fixed their eyes upon him, he dis-
" appeared suddenly, and a great while
" after appeared again in the midst of the
" astonished circle. I have seen him
" walk over rapid currents as if on firm
" ground. He possesses a supernatural
" strength as well of body as of mind;
" nothing can fetter his hand; he con-
" quers every obstacle with giant strength.
" Yet he makes but rarely use of his bo-
" dily strength. I have witnessed myself
" that he is proof against gun and sword.
" Nay, some people maintain that he pos-
" sesses the secret of rendering himself
" immortal. He very seldom leaves the
" profound concealment which hides him
" from the sight of man. He prefers to

" appear in woods and retired places, at " the time of the equinox, or when tem- " peſts rage in the air. He is ſaid to con- " verſe frequently with ſuperior beings; " has ſaved many a dying man from the " jaws of death, and recalled to life the " ſojourners of the grave." Here the hermit ſtopped. " Doſt thou wiſh to know any thing farther?" he at length enquired. I begged him to ſatisfy my ardent deſire, but in vain. " Thou haſt " requeſted only a ray of light," he replied, " thy requeſt has been granted— " farewell! thou knoweſt now in whoſe " power thou art."

" And you could not perſuade the hermit to give you a more particular account of the *Unknown*?"

" All my prayers were fruitleſs," Paleſki replied, " but about three miles from hence I have heard more of the *Unknown*, and among others a dreadful ſtory." So ſaying Paleſki ſtarted ſuddenly. " Holy virgin! what is this?" he exclaimed, at length fixing his eyes to one ſpot, " have I not executed my com-

" miſſion?

miſſion?" have I not recanted as you have commanded me to do?" "What is the matter," the Count and I exclaimed, ſeizing Paleſki by the arm.

"Don't you ſee it?"

"What? where?" we exclaimed with one voice.

"Yonder!" he replied, without removing his eyes from the ſpot to which he pointed with his hand.

I could ſee nothing, but the Count pretended to obſerve a human figure walking between a cluſter of trees at a diſtance.

"Protect me! O protect me!" Paleſki exclaimed with a trembling voice and a fearful countenance, "Don't you ſee how he lifts up his arm in a menacing manner.—God! he comes nearer—now he beckons—he bids me to retire! O have mercy! I am coming!" So ſaying he tore himſelf from us, fled towards the foreſt, and was ſoon out of ſight.

"Is the fellow mad; or have you alſo ſeen the *Unknown?*"

The

The Count inſiſted he had ſeen ſome perſon, but the darkneſs and the diſtance had not allowed him to diſcern whether he had ſeen the Iriſhman or not.

We haſtened to the ſpot, but no veſtige of a human being could be traced out all around. We returned, and purſued our way to the city. On the road we ſpoke a great deal on Paleſki's appearance, and his account of the *Unknown*, but could not determine what we ſhould think of it. We were obliged to wait patiently till time ſhould diſperſe the clouds of myſtery.

Two days after this incident the Count received a letter from Amelia, in which ſhe informed him that her health was entirely reſtored. At the ſame time ſhe acquainted him, that certain weighty reaſons, which ſhe could not communicate at preſent, obliged her to remove from her caſtle in the foreſt, and to repair to another country; but ſhe could not yet inform him of the future place of her abode.

" A ſtrange whim of my ſiſter in law," the Count ſaid, giving me the letter. I read it, ſighed, and could not conceal my conſternation. He obſerved me carefully. " Sighs!" he whiſpered to himſelf, " tears!" I was in a violent emotion. " Count," exclaimed I, " ſhe flies! ſhe flies! alas, my doom is fixed! I have loſt her for ever!" " Do you call her removal a flight? and," added he, with marks of aſtoniſhment, " what can you loſe, if Amelia flies?" I had already betrayed myſelf too much, and conſequently it would have been ridiculous if I had been reſerved. I told him every thing. " Then you love Amelia?" he exclaimed with marks of aſtoniſhment, " why did you not tell me ſooner of it?" " Alas!" I exclaimed, " ſhould it really be too late?" " I don't ſay that," he replied, " however one could have prevented her departure. Is ſhe informed of your paſſion?" " She cannot be ignorant of it." " If that is the caſe, how can you think that you are the cauſe of her flight, as you call it?"—

" Becauſe

"Becauſe ſhe wants to get out of the reach of a man whom ſhe believes to be the ſon of her huſband's murderer." The Count ſeemed to be of my opinion, and replied, "If that ſhould be the caſe, we muſt endeavour to convince her of her error." "But how will that be poſſible, as we are ignorant of the place of her abode?" "That we ſhall know very ſoon," was his anſwer, "ſhe has always honoured me with her particular confidence, and I am firmly convinced that ſhe will ſoon diſcloſe to me her preſent ſecret."

Some time ſince, I had tried every means of baniſhing the image of the beautiful Counteſs from my memory; and had ſtruggled hard to conquer a paſſion which I never expected to ſatisfy. My new adventures, my connections, amuſements, and particularly the loſs of my tutor, had indeed prevented me from reflecting on Amelia ſo frequently as I was uſed to do; time and ſeparation too had contributed their ſhare to ſoften the firſt ardor of my paſſion, and thus I perſuaded

ſuaded myſelf to extirpate entirely the few remains of love, and to ſubdue a fooliſh paſſion. However Amelia's laſt letter, and the Count's behaviour, who not only ſeemed to approve my love, but, at the ſame time, appeared to intereſt himſelf for my ſucceſs, had opened my eyes at once, and I ſaw that I had deceived myſelf; the flame which had lain dormant under the deluding embers was ſtill alive, and blown up again with additional vehemence. The Iriſhman's caution never to ſacrifice again at the ſhrine of love was forgotten, and I knew now no concern of greater importance than my love.

I reminded the Count, that he ſtill owed me the continuation of Amelia's hiſtory. He aſked me where he had left off in his narration? "You ſtopped on the road which your brother took to Amelia's mother in order to demand her in marriage."

"They purſued their journey (he began) without meeting with any obſtruction, and finiſhed it with vowing an eternal mutual fidelity. The mother had been

been informed, by the aunt and her ſon, that her daughter was carried off, and that my brother was gone in ſearch of her. She appeared therefore agreeably ſurpriſed, when he reſtored her loſt child to her arms. She ſeemed to be ſtruck with horror, when Amelia painted the danger which had threatened her at the churchyard, and thanked my brother again and again for his timely interpoſition. The obliging manner with which Amelia's mother received my brother whenever he viſited her, left him no doubt that his moſt ardent wiſhes would meet no oppoſition, and he had agreed with Amelia to break the matter to her mother the following morning. My brother appeared, but on his entrance in the apartment of Amelia's mother, obſerved that the eyes of the former were red with weeping, and was welcomed by the latter with great coldneſs and overſtrained civility. His heart preſaged no good, however he attempted to make known his wiſhes. The mother pretended to think herſelf much honoured by his propoſals, but lamented

at the ſame time that ſhe was not able to accept his advantageous offers, becauſe her daughter was to be married to a man who had claims of an older date, and it was now too late to retract her promiſe. My brother was thunderſtruck, and ſtared ſpeechleſs at the mother and Amelia. The latter could reſtrain her feelings no longer, and ſhed a torrent of tears. The mother commanded her to leave the apartment. Amelia threw herſelf at the feet of her cruel parent, and my brother joined her in her endeavours to ſoften her callous heart, but in vain! The mother was inexorable, and Amelia was obliged to leave the apartment, bidding my brother a doleful farewell, and tearing herſelf from his arms, which had encircled her waiſt. The unfortunate lover tried every art to move the heart of that cruel parent, but all his prayers and ſupplications were fruitleſs. At length he was in deſpair, and hurried on by youthful raſhneſs, broke through every law of moderation, charging the mother with want of maternal tenderneſs, complaining at the conſtraint ſhe was laying

on

on Amelia, and menacing to have recourſe to the interpoſition of the legiſlature. The mother grew furious, and ordered him to leave her houſe inſtantly, and they parted with mutual exaſperation.

"When my brother recovered the power of reflecting, he became dreadfully ſenſible, how much he had injured his cauſe by his inconſiderate raſhneſs, and apprehended that every attempt of reconciliation would be uſeleſs. The event confirmed the juſtneſs of his fears. He wrote a letter to Amelia's mother, entreating her in the moſt ſubmiſſive terms, to forgive him his impetuoſity, but received no anſwer; he repeated the ſame attempt a few days after, but with no better ſucceſs, and was ſeized with deſpair.

"His diſtreſs was encreaſed by his being debarred entirely from the ſight of Amelia, without whoſe conſent he would not take violent meaſures. He was conſtantly hovering around her houſe; however, his endeavours to ſee or to ſpeak to Amelia proved fruitleſs. He attempted in vain to bribe the ſervants by money and

promiſes; all of them were entirely devoted to the relentleſs mother, and rejected his offers obſtinately. In order to leave no means untried he wrote to Amelia's aunt, deſcribed the whole ſituation of the matter, and his deſpair, conjuring her to interpoſe in his behalf.

"The good lady who had been thrown on a bed of ſickneſs, by the ſhock which ſhe had received by the carrying off of Amelia, executed his requeſt inſtantly. Her letter was a maſterpiece of eloquence, but the heart of the exaſperated mother reſiſted every effort of perſuaſion.

"And Amelia? What did Amelia?"

"Her ſituation was a hundred times more dreadful than that of my brother. The ſudden ſeparation from her lover, at a time when they fancied themſelves at the ſummit of felicity, the terrible certainty of never ſurmounting the obſtacles oppoſing the conſummation of their mutual wiſhes, the gloomy proſpect which futurity offered to their eyes, and agonizing grief on account of my brother's forlorn ſituation: every—every thing conſpired to wound

wound her heart, and yet ſhe durſt not attempt to eaſe her afflicted mind by tears, her mother never loſing ſight of her; even that poor conſolation was refuſed her by her cruel parent. "He deſerves contempt, but not tears," the barbarous woman exclaimed, "for having dared to offend me!" Amelia neither went nor complained; however, the furious agony of her mind which ſhe durſt not vent, preyed on her vitals, and reduced her to the brink of the grave. Meanwhile, my brother tried every means to repair what he had ſpoiled, and went to Amelia's guardian to implore his interceſſion; but this laſt expedient too was attempted without ſucceſs; the guardian was informed of the whole affair and entirely devoted to the mother. My brother made uſe of every thing that can ſeduce men, and overthrow the firmeſt reſolution, but he failed in all his attempts, and nothing could change the mind of that inexorable man. My brother left him hopeleſs and deſponding.

"He had now attempted every means, one excepted, which was to have recourſe

to the assistance of the law. A desperate step! and yet no other choice was left him. He could easily foresee that this way would be not only the longest, but also the most dangerous, as the mother certainly would do every thing in her power to bribe the judges, many of whom were unfortunately her friends, or related to her, a circumstance which gave him very little hope of success; however, stern necessity bade him try this last expedient as the only one which was left him, and my brother was just going to attempt it, when the face of affairs suddenly changed.

"Charles, Amelia's brother, was meanwhile secretly returned to Paris, in order to assist his mother in executing an infernal plot which tended to ruin Amelia's happiness for ever. He hated his sister because she was hated by her mother, whose darling he was, and the decease of his father, whose last will was more favourable to his sister than to him, had made him her most violent persecutor. He knew too well that Amelia never would be happy without my brother; a suffi-

cient

cient reaſon for him to oppoſe their union with all his power! The firſt treachery which he had committed, was his having betrayed the ſecret of their mutual paſſion to his aunt, the ſecond, his having introduced the Greek in her houſe, and laſt of all—you ſcarcely will believe that it was he who had propoſed firſt to carry off his ſiſter! Now he was come to complete his villainous work. His arrival having been carefully concealed from my brother, he could ſafely put in motion the ſecret ſprings of his machinery, without being ſuſpected, and execute his diabolical treachery, while my brother apprehended nothing of that nature.

"One morning the latter went to hear maſs at the church of the Dominicans. His wandering looks obſerved, accidentally a young lady, ſitting in a pew not far diſtant from him. She viewed him attentively, but caſt down her eyes, whenever his looks met hers. He was ſtruck with ſurpriſe, and viewed the lovely figure attentively, but could not recollect ever to have ſeen her. No ſooner had he

turned his looks from her, when he perceived by a ſide glance, that her eyes were again directed to him, and turning to the prayer-book when he ſeemed to obſerve it. Curioſity prompted him to make his trial repeatedly, and the effect proved always the ſame. Maſs was over, and every one retired; the young lady ſtayed, and my brother did the ſame. She was young and beautiful like an angel; his looks reſted with ſilent pleaſure on her lovely form. At length ſhe aroſe, looking once more at my brother, and left the church. His curioſity was raiſed to the higheſt degree, and he followed her cloſely; but how great was his aſtoniſhment, when ſhe ſtopped at the church-door, apparently waiting for him. Coming up with her, ſhe ſaid with crimſoning cheeks, and an amiable confuſion, "I do not know, whether I am not miſtaken; however, according to the deſcription which a certain Amelia has given me of you, I ſcarcely think I am."—"How!" my brother exclaimed, "you know Amelia?" "I am connected more intimately with her,"

her," ſhe replied, "I am her friend." But will you favour me with your name?" He complied with her requeſt. "Then you are the very perſon to whom I have been directed by my friend." "By Amelia?" my brother exclaimed with aſtoniſhment. "Dear ſir, don't ſpeak ſo loud; for heaven's ſake be ſilent, leſt we be overheard. Follow me to my houſe, and you ſhall know every thing." My brother was in a trance of rapture, and obeyed the charming unknown, as if an angel had ſpoken to him.

"They converſed on indifferent matters on the road, and being arrived at the door of the houſe, the lady ſaid, "You need not be reſerved in the preſence of my mother; ſhe knows your whole hiſtory, and takes a warm intereſt in Amelia's concerns." They entered the parlour and were received by a reſpectable matron, who begged my brother to be ſeated, when Lucy (this was the young lady's name) told her who my brother was, aſking her daughter whether ſhe had executed the commiſſion of Amelia. She

replied, ſhe was juſt going to do it. My brother was all attention. "I have obſerved ſome time ſince," Lucy began, "that Amelia appeared gloomy and reſerved, and conjured her ſeveral times to tell me the reaſon of it, without ſucceeding in my anxious endeavours to diſcover the ſource of her grief. Yeſterday I was at length ſo fortunate as to ſee her for a few minutes in private, her mother being abſent, and was informed of her melancholy hiſtory. She painted her misfortunes with colours ſo lively, that I was moved to tears. Perceiving the emotion of my heart, ſhe ſtrained me to her boſom, groaning with deep affliction: "O, my dear Lucy, endeavour to ſee the unhappy man, and ſpeak comfort to his afflicted mind; conjure him not to deſpair. Tell him that my mother perſiſts immutably in her reſolution; and that no other means of accompliſhing the mutual wiſhes of our hearts are left, except a ſudden flight; tell him"—Here Amelia was interrupted by the entrance of her mother, who left us no more—

more—and prevented her from explaining her wiſhes more at large.

" This is quite ſufficient !" my brother exclaimed, " Did ſhe not ſay that no other expedient was left but flight ? This is all that I wanted to know ! We will flee, and conceal ourſelves in ſome remote corner of the globe. O ! it was an excellent idea, nothing can be executed more eaſily. Heaven be praiſed ; we yet may be happy !"

" The old lady ſhook her head. My brother laughed at her doubts ; joy and love having rendered him like a drunken man, who ſees no dangers, where a ſober perſon ſhudders with terror. However, the old lady who feared this intoxication might prove fatal to his affairs, did not ſuffer him to leave her houſe before he had promiſed to do nothing without having conſulted with her.

" The firſt care of my brother after he had left her was to enquire who his unknown friends were, and was informed that the old lady was the widow of a French officer, who had died two years

ago, and left his wife and daughter a ſufficiency to live eaſy and comfortable. My brother was ſatisfied with that account.

"Coming the next day, at the appointed hour, to Lucy's houſe, he was informed that Amelia was ill, and had been watched ſo cloſely by her mother, that it had been impoſſible to ſpeak to her in private. Lucy told him the ſame the day following, endeavoured however to perſuade him that Amelia's indiſpoſition was of no dangerous nature.

"On his third viſit at Lucy's houſe, the latter met him at the door with the joyful intelligence that Amelia was better —"But"—added ſhe, pauſing a moment, while my brother looked at her with anxiety—"I am going to tell you great, very great news." "And what does that intelligence imply?" "That you are to be married to me!" My brother was ſtruck with amazement; yet he recovered ſoon from his aſtoniſhment, thinking Lucy was jeſting. "You believe I am joking!" Lucy reſumed with a ſerious countenance, "but I aſſure you, you are miſtaken; I am your

your bride as true as I am alive, and what will raiſe your aſtoniſhment ſtill higher, you will ruin yourſelf and Amelia, if you refuſe to do homage to my charms." My brother did not know what to think of the matter, and was utterly confounded. At length, Lucy took a paper from her pocket book and gave it him; he ſcarcely could believe his eyes, when he ſaw the direction was from Amelia's hand. 'From Amelia?" he exclaimed with ſparkling looks—"yes, yes! I know her hand!" But, alas! it was no more than one line; *Do whatever Lucy ſhall deſire.* "Is this ſufficient for my legitimation?" the young lady enquired. "But what relation have your credentials to your information that you are, and muſt be my bride?" my brother aſked with evident marks of curioſity and ſurpriſe. "That myſtery my mama will unfold to you!" was her anſwer.

"I conſulted yeſterday," the Matron began, "how Amelia's elopement—for I too can ſee no other expedient but flight—could be effected in the eaſieſt manner. On mature deliberation, we found that

the execution of that deſign which appeared ſo very eaſy to you in the firſt heat of paſſion, is ſurrounded by almoſt inſurmountable obſtacles. Or do you think it a trifle to deceive the watchfulneſs of her mother, who guards Amelia night and day, and the officiouſneſs of the ſervants who are watching all her ſteps? and to carry her off by violent means, you know, would be too dangerous. I and my daughter have racked our brains in vain, a long time, in order to deviſe ſome feaſible plan for effecting her eſcape, but no ſooner had we found out one, than we were obliged to give it up again. Suddenly a thought flaſhed through my head; ſhould it not be poſſible to lull the mother's watchfulneſs aſleep, if we could perſuade her that you had ſeen Lucy by accident, and fallen in love with her, and deſpairing of ever being united to Amelia, had deſired her in marriage! I communicated this idea to my daughter, who, at firſt, would not conſent to act that part; however, her friendſhip for Amelia conquered at length the objections of her delicacy,

and

and ſhe yielded to my requeſt. It was neceſſary to communicate the new plan to Amelia, and to hear her opinion. Lucy was ſo fortunate as to ſee her for a moment in private; ſhe found the plan excellent, and conſented without heſitation. Now every thing depends upon your opinion, and we are deſirous to know what you think of it. My brother was ſurpriſed and affected by the unexpected kindneſs of his new friend, and ſtammered his thanks—but Lucy exclaimed:—"Spare your thanks and rather tell us your opinion!"

"Has not Amelia approved of it? I have no other will but hers!"

"The plan was now carried into execution. My brother could ſcarcely await the following day, ſo ardent was his deſire to know the effects of Lucy's artifice. He came to her houſe before the appointed hour, and his kind friend met him with the following account. "Amelia's mother was eaſier perſuaded of my conqueſt than I expected. At firſt ſhe fancied, indeed, that I was jeſting, but when I perſiſted

fifted firmly in my aſſertion, and rendered our romance as probable as poſſible, ſhe began to give credit to what I had ſaid—thus mortals are ever ready to believe what they wiſh. I am however ſorry that ſincerity obliges me to damp the pleaſure which this information muſt afford you, by the indifferent account I can give you of Amelia's health. She has had a relapſe of her fever, and although the phyſician affirms that it will have no dangerous conſequences, yet it will retard for ſome time the execution of our deſign."

"My brother was inconſolable. Lucy did every thing in her power to cheer him up, but ſucceeded only in part. The following morning ſhe ſurpriſed him with an intelligence which produced a better effect. "You ſhall ſee Amelia to-morrow!" ſhe ſaid, "the means by which this is to be done, will, indeed, appear to you rather extraordinary; however, it ſuits our plan admirably. The mother begins to entertain ſome doubts with regard to the account I have given her yeſterday

of

of the ſudden change of your inclination. I muſt endeavour to refute them through facts, and with that view have told her, that to-morrow, after maſs, ſhe would ſee us walking arm in arm by her window. She promiſed to be at the window at the appointed hour, and on that occaſion you will ſee Amelia too."

"The latter circumſtance diſpelled every apprehenſion which was lurking in the heart of my brother, and he awaited the following morning with impatience. He met Lucy at church, in order to take a walk with her as it had been agreed.—Within a ſmall diſtance from Amelia's houſe, Lucy ſaid, "You will find your charmer a little pale, becauſe the fever has weakened her very much, but for God's ſake! don't forget what part you are acting, bridle your looks and aſſume a cheerful countenance." They arrived at the houſe, and Amelia was ſtanding at the window. My brother fancied he ſaw her ghoſt, and was rivetted to the ground with aſtoniſhment. Her cheeks were pale, her whole frame was emaciated; ſhe

ſtared at him with hollow eyes and diſappeared ſuddenly. "Are you a man?" Lucy whiſpered in his ear, and dragged him onward. My brother followed mechanically, without taking notice of Amelia's mother, and looking conſtantly at the window where he had ſeen the idol of his heart. They had paſſed the houſe a conſiderable time before the reproaches of Lucy rouſed my brother from his reverie. He wanted to go back, and only the moſt lively remonſtrances were able to diſſuade him from doing it.

"You have pulled down at once," Lucy ſaid when ſhe ſaw him the ſucceeding day, "a ſtructure, the building of which has coſt Amelia and my mother ſo much trouble, and which was conſtructed with ſo much ſkill and pains; are theſe the thanks which you return for our endeavours to render you happy?" Shame ſealed my brother's lips. "Or do you perhaps think to execute your plan without aſſiſtance! if ſo, I am ſorry you did not appriſe us ſooner of it." My brother begged her pardon; however her anger was not ſo

eaſy

eaſy to be pacified. "No!" ſhe ſaid, "your conduct of yeſterday cannot be excuſed. I cautioned you repeatedly, and conſequently you could have been prepared. Or did you perhaps think it ſingular that the ſick Amelia does not look ſo roſy and round as the healthy? This circumſtance, ſo natural and expected, how could it throw you ſo entirely off your guard?" Thus ſhe continued ſcolding for ſome time, till the moſt ſubmiſſive ſupplication of my brother pacified her anger. She vowed, however, ſolemnly never to meddle again with his affairs, if he would not promiſe her upon his honour, to obey more punctually in future. My brother ſeeing no poſſibility of executing his plan without her aſſiſtance, found himſelf neceſſitated to comply with her requeſt.

"Lucy told him the day following, that ſhe had agreed with Amelia, to remove from her mother every ſhadow of ſuſpicion by one deciſive blow. "With this view," ſhe added, "I told the mother that you viſited me every evening, and if ſhe would take

take the pains to overhear us in a bye room, ſhe could convince herſelf of your ſentiments towards me. She reliſhed this propoſal ſo well, that ſhe fixed to-morrow evening for the execution of her deſign, conſequently it will be in your option, to render to her your love for me as plauſible as our plan requires."

"My brother repaired to Lucy's apartment at the appointed hour. He was ſhown into a ſpacious room, faintly lighted by the gleam of a ſingle candle, and communicating in the back part with a cloſet, the door of which was bolted.—Lucy met him at the entrance, and appriſed him by ſigns that Amelia's mother was in the cloſet. He began inſtantly a converſation which ſoon led to the appointed mark. His confidant aſſiſted him as far as female delicacy would allow, and the converſation became very ſoon animated and tender. "O! Lucy," he exclaimed at length, with the warmth of an inſpired lover, "you have kindled a flame in my boſom which devours me. Do not longer keep in painful ſuſpenſe a heart

heart that adores you, a heart whose every wish concentrates in the possession of your hand, and whose violent turbulence can brook no longer the delay of a happiness which will imparadise its owner. Allow me to apply to-morrow for your mother's consent to our union." "Enthusiast!" Lucy replied, "and if I should allow it, and if you should take possession of this hand, (here my brother imprinted numberless kisses upon her hand) how long will your trance last? who will ensure me your faith which you have pledged already to Amelia?" "Don't talk thus, dearest Lucy!" he exclaimed, "you pierce my heart! I confess that Amelia, whom you mentioned, was one time not indifferent to me, her charms had blinded my eyes, but never fettered my heart. I have never loved her. You, Lucy, have first rendered me sensible of the omnipotent power of love. And, besides, what will Amelia care for a fidelity which is of no use to her and myself? Can I contend against fate, which renders our union impossible?"

"Mer-

"Merciful God!" a perſon exclaimed in the cloſet, and at the ſame time a violent fall was heard. My brother grew as pale as aſhes, ſtarted up and exclaimed in a trembling accent, "this is Amelia's voice!" ruſhing at the ſame time towards the door of the cloſet, with a deſign to force it open. Lucy kept him back. 'Have you forgot your promiſe? will you ſpoil every thing once more?' This produced the deſired effect. Lucy hurried him in an adjoining room and bolted the door from without. Some time after, ſhe returned with the intelligence that Amelia had been liſtening with her mother in the cloſet and ſuddenly fainted away. "Amelia!" exclaimed my brother, "you did not tell me a word of it!" "No, I did not," ſhe replied, "for two reaſons; firſt of all, Amelia accompanied her mother without my knowledge, and it was impoſſible to ſend her away. Secondly, I did not inform you of her being preſent, becauſe you would have acted your part in ſo bungling a manner, that our plan would have been ruined entirely." "Is ſhe ſtill

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in your houſe?" "No; ſhe was carried home inſtantly!" "But why did ſhe faint away?" "How can I know it? She is an enthuſiaſt! perhaps her imagination has played her a trick, and ſhe has taken for a moment that ſcene, which was mere fiction, for reality. Imagination, perhaps, has affected her nerves and produced a fainting fit. At preſent, I can, however, only gueſs at the cauſe of her ſwooning, but to-morrow I ſhall inform myſelf in a manner more ſatisfactory." My brother went home in a dreadful agony of mind.

"Thus far," ſaid the Count, riſing from his ſeat, "my relation has been an extract from a letter of my brother. However, the extraordinary turn this tale is now going to take, you ſhall know to-morrow from a letter which my brother wrote to me".

The next day I received the letter, and incloſed in it an almoſt illegible note, by the ſame hand. I ſhall ſubjoin copies of both.

'She is dead! you do not believe it; 'however, ſhe is really dead—I have ſeen

'ſeen her in her coffin. I have paid her 'a laſt eternal viſit, at midnight. My hair 'briſtled up; but if you knew what ſhe 'has ſaid. To day ſhe has been buried. 'I followed her funeral train, more dead 'than alive. But now I am eaſy. Alas! 'I cannot even weep. Her image hovers 'before me whitherſover I turn my looks. 'She has loved me dearly; however, ſhe 'was doomed to an early grave, and I 'cannot conceive how it is poſſible that 'I am alive yet. Where ſhall I be when 'theſe lines will be peruſed by you.

* * *

'I cannot recollect a word of what I 'wrote you in my laſt letter. A kind of 'frenzy had taken poſſeſſion of me; but 'be eaſy brother, that dreadful ſtate is 'paſt, and I can again ſleep eaſy. This 'perhaps is the conſequence of my obe- 'dience to her laſt will.

'You know that Amelia was carried 'home after the late accident had hap- 'pened. The next day Lucy informed

me

'me that ſhe had not been ſeized with a 'fainting fit, on account of our diſcourſe, 'as we ſuppoſed, but had made a ſlip in 'getting upon a chair, in order to look 'through a crevice in the door, and hurt 'herſelf much by the fall, which, as the 'phyſician apprehended, might have oc-'caſioned a contuſion in the head, and be 'of very bad conſequences. You will 'ſpare me the deſcription of the lament-'able ſituation in which this intelligence 'has thrown your unfortunate brother.

'One evening I was ſitting alone in my 'apartment, immerſed in nameleſs grief, 'when a loud knocking againſt my door 'rouſed me from my reverie. Who is 'there? I exclaimed, rather angry. "Fer-'dinand!" a voice groaned in a doleful 'ſtrain; the door was opened, but no one 'entered. A dreadful foreboding chilled 'my very ſoul; the voice which had pro-'nounced my name was Amelia's voice. 'I flew to the door with a candle, but no 'perſon could be ſeen nor heard. I ran 'down ſtairs, ſearching every corner, but 'no human being could be found. Now

'I re-

'I recollected firſt, that it would be la-
'bour loſt, if I ſhould ſearch here for
'Amelia, who was confined to her bed by
'ſickneſs; but in the ſame moment, an
'idea ruſhed upon my ſoul which thrilled
'me with horror. I haſtened to Lucy's
'houſe; ſhe met me pale and trembling.
'"Alas!" groaned ſhe, hiding her wan
'face, "Amelia is very ill!" She is dead!
'I exclaimed, all in a tremor. "Merci-
'ful God!" ſhe replied, "then you know
'it already." My miſery was now con-
'firmed, and I dropt to the ground in a
'fainting fit.

'When I opened my eyes, I perceived
'Lucy and her mother ſtanding weeping
'by my ſide. The firſt word my trem-
'bling lips uttered was, Amelia! I was
'informed that ſhe had been found dead
'in her bed. To the queſtion, how I
'found myſelf? I replied, "ſtrong enough
'to ſee the departed hapleſs girl!" I
'perceived that both of them were ſtartled
'by my reply. The mother ſpoke firſt:
'"You ſhall ſee her, but not now! At
'preſent I ſhould oppoſe it, even if I paid

"no

'no regard to *your* situation. Consider 'the confusion in which this incident must 'have thrown her family; and how could 'you be so imprudent to face her mother 'under *such* circumstances? how can you 'hope to be admitted!"

'However, she promised me to bribe 'the nurse, and to procure me admission 'when the family should be gone to rest. 'We agreed that the husband of the nurse 'should call on me after midnight, and 'conduct me to Amelia's house. Lucy's 'mother was as good as her word. Half 'an hour after twelve o'clock a man ap-'peared under my window, giving the 'signal which we had agreed upon. Hav-'ing charged a brace of pistols, I put 'them in my pocket, and followed my 'conductor. The night was as dark as 'my mind; only a few solitary stars were 'gleaming through the black clouds, like 'the lamps in a church-yard. Awful still-'ness, not interrupted by the least rustling 'of the wind, had covered the face of 'earth. In my soul too a profound still-'ness reigned; but it resembled that dread-

'ful ſilence which reigns at night in a 'fortreſs which is to be ſtormed the ſub-'ſequent morn. Such a ſtate of mind 'ſurpaſſes all deſcription.

'I arrived, with my conductor, ſilently 'and unobſerved at Amelia's houſe: he 'opened the door, and led me ſoftly up 'ſtairs. The nurſe, who was waiting for 'me at the top of the ſtair-caſe, took me 'by the hand, and conducted me through 'two dark apartments. When the third 'door was opened, a ſmell of corruption 'aſſailed my organs; this was the room 'where Amelia lay.

'Six torches were burning around the 'coffin in which the wrecks of her angelic 'form were reſting, covered with a white 'cloth. My conductreſs made a ſignal to 'me to ſtep nearer, removing the cloth. 'The ſight of the corpſe changed my pro-'found apathy into a dreadful commotion 'of mind. Amelia was ſtretched out in 'the coffin dreſſed like a nun, holding a 'crucifix in her hand; her face was not 'diſtorted by convulſions, her lips ſeemed 'to ſmile. "Amelia!" I exclaimed, in a

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'moſt vehement emotion, and threw my-
'ſelf upon her; however the nurſe pulled
'me forcibly back, throwing herſelf at
'my feet, and conjured me, for God's
'ſake, not to betray her by my turbu-
'lence. I promiſed to be eaſy, and
'walked up and down the room, wring-
'ing my hands in dreadful agony of body
'and ſoul.

'Meanwhile the firſt violent tempeſt
'which raged in my ſoul abated, making
'room for the recollection of a deſign
'which will make you ſhudder. I found
'myſelf unable to ſurvive Amelia, and
'this notion had begot the horrid reſolu-
'tion to die by her ſide. With that view
'I had put the piſtols in my pocket, and
'ſettled my worldly affairs. I was now
'going to write only a few lines to Ame-
'lia's mother, and then to execute my
'black deſign, becauſe I apprehended I
'ſhould be prevented from accompliſhing
'it if I ſhould poſtpone it any longer. I
'deſired the nurſe to cover the corpſe
'again, and to leave me a few moments
'to myſelf, putting a couple of louis d'ors

'in her hand. The gold, and my appa-
'rent tranquillity, had the desired effect.
'As soon as I was left alone, I was going
'to execute my design.

'But, brother, over us rules a higher
'power, whose slaves we are, though we
'dream that we are the arbiters of our
'fate. Listen to a tale which surpasses
'all powers of conception, and the recol-
'lection of which thrills me to the mar-
'row of my bones.

'I had already placed the note for
'Amelia's mother on the table, was pre-
'paring to rush into eternity, and going
'to approach the dead with a pistol in my
'hand, when suddenly the coffin began to
'shake, the boards to crack, and the cloth
'to move. I stopped, seized with terror.
"Ferdinand!" it resounded from the cof-
'fin, and at the same time Amelia arose.
'Her cheeks were still covered with a
'livid hue, her eyes shut, her lips blue,
'and her hands folded. Amazement and
'horror had fixed me to the floor, my
'blood curdled in my veins. "Ferdi-
'nand!" the corpse addressed me in a
'hollow

'hollow accent, "Ferdinand, don't be 'afraid! My ſpirit has got leave to re-'turn once more to its former abode in 'order to take leave of thee. Our love 'was not for this world. Retire to a 'cloiſter, and there await the hour which 'will ſoon unite us by indiſſoluble bonds". 'Having pronounced theſe words, ſhe 'ſhut her lips and dropped down again 'into the coffin.

'The nurſe who ruſhed into the room, 'awakened me from the ſtupor in which 'that ſcene had thrown me. She looked 'fearfully around, and when her eyes 'met me, ſtaggered back. I muſt have 'had the appearance of a dying man. "Jeſu! Maria! what is the matter 'with you?" ſhe exclaimed, "I have 'heard ſomebody talking in the room!" "Nothing, nothing!" I replied, wiping 'the cold ſweat from my face, "I have 'been talking to myſelf." Perceiving 'that ſhe did not believe me, I went away, 'in order to avoid all farther queſtions.

'Amelia was buried at ſix o'clock in the 'morning. I followed the funeral at

'some diſtance, with tottering ſteps, and 'now my tears began firſt to flow. Co-'pious torrents eaſed my heart, which, till 'then, had laboured under the weight of 'ſilent agony. I followed the train to 'the church of the Carmelites, in whoſe 'vault the remains of Amelia were re-'poſed. During the funeral ceremony, 'I fancied ſeveral times that the whole 'ſcene was but a deluſion of a horrid 'dream. But when the men took hold of 'the coffin, in order to let it down into 'the tomb, I awoke at once to ſenſations 'which only can be equalled by the 'agonies of death. What I felt in that 'moment of eternal ſeparation, I ſhall 'only feel again when body and ſoul will 'be parting.—I expanded my hands me-'chanically, as if going to take hold of 'the coffin—it diſappeared—and I thought 'I ſhould ſink into the ground.—

'Three hours had now elapſed after the 'burial was over, and I was ſtill ſtanding on 'the ſpot from which I had witneſſed that 'afflicting ſcene. It appeared impoſſible 'to me to leave a place, where all my

'hope

'hope and all my happineſs was intombed. 'However, the ſexton reminded me at 'length, that it was time to ſhut the church, 'and I was obliged to leave it reluctantly. 'I walked from the church through the 'porch, and was in the monaſtery ere I 'was aware of it. Here Amelia's laſt words 'ruſhed ſuddenly on my memory, and I de-'termined on the ſpot to enter into the or-'der of the Carmelites. I was rejoiced at the 'opportunity to put Amelia's requeſt in 'execution, in a place to which her tomb 'attracted me irreſiſtibly.

'My aim is now gained; for ſeven 'days after Amelia's interment, I have been 'received into the order of the Carmelites, 'and from their monaſtery you receive this 'letter. I beg you will not reproach me 'for having taken a ſtep which will lead me 'to peace of mind. Within theſe cloiſter-'ed walls I have found a tranquillity which 'the world could not have afforded me. 'Farewell!"

"The contents of this letter," ſaid I, after I had peruſed it twice, "are as dreadful as they are incredible. The

ſcene of Amelia in the coffin reminds me of a ſimilar one, of which Paleſki has given me an account."

"That account was a forgery, and Pileſki an impoſtor. I hope you will not form a ſimilar opinion of my brother and his narrative."

"God forbid!—however—could not your brother have been deceived by a deluding dream?"—

"The whole narrative ought to convince you of the contrary!"

"Then the incident has really happened?"

"Exactly as my brother has related it."

"I beg your pardon, Count, I have all due regard for your word, however—you muſt give me leave—to pay ſome regard to my underſtanding too. It is not my fault that I entertain doubts which"—

"Will diſappear when you ſhall have heard the continuation."

I was impatient to hear the reſt and the Count reſumed the thread of his narrative:

"The

"The contents of this letter aſtoniſhed me not leſs than you. The idea of my brother's being in a cloiſter was inſupportable to me. Having however, no reaſon to expect that, in his ſtate of mind, he would liſten to my arguments, I determined to wait five or ſix months, flattering myſelf with the hope, that his former diſguſt againſt a cloiſtered life would awake again and render him more inclined to liſten to the voice of reaſon and fraternal love. But two months previous to the time when I intended to pay him a viſit for that purpoſe, I was ſo fortunate to get acquainted with a man whoſe interference effected a more happy and more unexpected change in my brother's affairs than my moſt ſanguine hopes would have divined.

One evening when I was at the theatre, and juſt going to take a nap, I was ſuddenly rouſed by a noiſe in the box contiguous to mine, which attracted my notice. A man wrapt in a blue cloak entered the box, ſeating himſelf oppoſite to me. His eyes wandered with an uncommon quick-

neſs through all parts of the theatre—ſtopped ſuddenly, and ſeemed fixed on one object which they had ſought and found. Soon after, the man took a miniature picture out of his pocket, comparing it with the perſon whom his looks had examined ſo attentively, and who was the Duke of Orleans.—However, on a motion which that nobleman made, my neighbour removed to the back part of the box, where the greater diſtance and the darkneſs rendered him undiſcernible to every one except myſelf. Now he pulled off his cloak, uncovered his head, and I ſaw a face which ſurpriſed me in an aſtoniſhing manner.

"I have ſeen many human countenances, but none like his; ſo much ſimplicity and greatneſs, ſo much myſterioufneſs and openneſs! His majeſtic arched forehead, which diſplayed a thinking mind, his clear and ſparkling eye, his quick diſcerning looks, his aquiline noſe, which ſeemed to ſcent from a diſtance his friends and foes, his cloſed and cloſing lips—his round protuberant chin—every, every

every thing beſpoke, from my ſmall phyſiognomical knowledge, the man who was born to rule, and to act in ſecret and to give laws to empires. Yet this deſcription is highly imperfect, is only a rough profile which firſt derives ſingularity and intereſt from the reſt of its features. His brow diſplayed no veſtige of either joy or ſadneſs. His eyes beſpoke an uncommon equanimity. His mouth betrayed neither love nor hatred. The whole of his countenance did not command confidence, and yet, his eaſy and meditating phyſiognomy attracted me forcibly. Now and then a flaſh of inward motion ſhot forth and repelled me irreſiſtibly. His pale hue encreaſed the ſtrange impreſſion which his countenance produced upon me.—

"What is that?" I exclaimed, "You are painting the picture of the Iriſhman ſo lively and faithfully, that one ſhould think he were ſtanding before you."

"How? the Iriſhman?"

"No original can fit your copy better than the face of that man."

"It would kill me, if your obſervation ſhould be confirmed."

"You will be the beſt judge of it, for you have ſeen him when you arreſted him."

"True! but this was at night, by the light of torches, and in a diſguiſe, which never would have made me ſuſpect his being the perſon in queſtion, although the ſtate of mind in which I then was, would have allowed me to examine his countenance more minutely. Impelled by the unfavourable opinion which your tutor entertained of the *Unknown*, and the account of the magiſtrate, I have arreſted a man to whom my brother and Amelia owed their happineſs."

"Count! recollect yourſelf."

"If it is true that the Iriſhman and the perſon of whom I have been ſpeaking are one perſon, then you behold in me one of the moſt ungrateful wretches upon earth."

"I am aſtoniſhed; but I don't comprehend you."

"Well

"Well then, liſten to the continuation of my narrative:

"That ſtrange man whom you fancy to have been the Iriſhman, appeared to pay not the leaſt regard to the play. He took a packet of letters out of his pocket, and read one after the other. Having peruſed them and obſerving that my looks were conſtantly directed at him, he viewed me more attentively. I perceived very ſoon that I had attracted his notice, and deſiring to know the reaſon of it, I endeavoured to enter in converſation with him. I aſked him how he liked the play? and was aſtoniſhed to hear a ſhort but extremely ſenſible criticiſm, not only on the play, but alſo on every player. But my aſtoniſhment roſe to the higheſt degree, when he called me by my name, and aſked me whether I had not heard lately of my brother at the monaſtery of the Carmelites. Concluding from this queſtion, that he was intimately acquainted with him, I did not heſitate to give him a faithful account of his hiſtory. He liſtened attentively. When I had finiſhed, his looks were fixed

to

to the ground for ſome time, and he ſeemed immerſed in profound meditation. At once he took me by the hand and ſaid, "come to this place again to-morrow! I will reſtore your brother to happineſs.' So ſaying, he left the box."

"You may eaſily conceive how I was ſurpriſed! I awaited the following day with the greateſt impatience, and was at the theatre a great while before the play began. However, my curioſity was on the rack, for he did not come before the play was almoſt over. "It will be neceſſary," ſaid he, "that you depart for the monaſtery ſooner than you intended at firſt. You muſt be there next week. As ſoon as you arrive, go to the Provincial and give him this ſealed note. He will give you farther inſtruction." So ſaying, he left me without giving me time to thank him for his kindneſs, and I ſaw him no more in ſpite of all my endeavours to find him out.

"Who may that man be?" ſaid I within myſelf, "how came he to know my name? What may have prompted him to intereſt

intereſt himſelf for my brother? And how can he aſſure me with certainty that it will be in his power to reſtore him to happineſs? Has he read the book of fate? or can he recal the dead to life? For without Amelia my brother never can be happy. The whole was a profound myſtery to me. I departed in the beginning of the enſuing week. Hope and fear, how this myſtery would be unfolded, were my companions. As ſoon as I was arrived, I went to the Provincial, and delivered to him the ſealed note. "Then you are the brother of Count Clairval," ſaid he, after he had read the note. Having affirmed it, he aſked me whether I had ſeen my brother? When I denied it, he reſumed: "I wiſh you would conceal from him the purport of your viſit; time will unfold to you the reaſon I have for this requeſt. Go now, embrace and tell him that I ſhall be glad to ſee him in about half an hour." Having made me promiſe to take up my abode in the monaſtery during my ſtay, he diſmiſſed me. I haſtened to my brother; but gracious heaven! how he was altered!

altered! He was quite emaciated, reſerved, diſguſted with every worldly pleaſure, and determined never to leave the cloiſter. My heart bled, and my conſolations were without effect. When he returned from the Provincial, he told me that he had been ordered to depart the day following for the cloiſter of the Urſulines at Anneville, and to deliver two letters, one to the Abbeſs and another to ſiſter Seraphine Albatroſſi. "It is the Provincials deſire," added he, "that I ſhall make that journey in your and father Eugene's company." "But why that journey?" I aſked. "We dare not aſk that queſtion," was his anſwer.

"The whole affair was ſtill an impenetrable myſtery to me. We went on our journey the next day, and arrived in the evening at the village, where we beheld the nunnery, which was ſituated on an eminence between two rows of fir trees. The ſetting ſun was gilding the tops of the weſtern mountains, and his parting rays reflected in radiant ſplendor from the cupola of the cloiſter, which was proudly

proudly towering over the trees. The ſurrounding trees were awfully ſilent, like the entrance of a ſanctuary; only a ſingle bell was tolling from the minaret. It was the ſignal for the veſper, and father Eugene inſiſted upon our ſtaying in the chapel till it was over, becauſe the nuns could not be ſpoken with before that time. We had ſcarcely entered the chapel when the veſper began. It was ſung in the gallery by nuns, who, however, were concealed from our ſight by the grate work. At once a ſweet angelic voice among the choriſters intoned; I fancied I knew that voice, and ſaw my brother's face turn pale as aſhes. "This is Amelia's voice!" was all that he could ſay; and I repeated the ſame. Father Eugene ſeemed not to take notice of it; the well known voice intoned again; my brother could check his emotions no longer, ſtarting up, and communicating his remark to the father. A ſmile of pity, and the obſervation, that the dead were not uſed to ſing, was his whole reply. This ſeemed to work upon my brother. He relapſed

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into his former gloomineſs; however, as often as that voice reſounded, I could obſerve the violent ſtruggles of his mind. I myſelf did not know what to think of the matter.

"Veſpers being finiſhed, we ſent our reſpects to the Abbeſs, deſiring to be admitted. She received us in the parlour; a fine woman, not above forty. The ſilent grief which was viſible in her large blue eyes, was ſoftened by an amiable ſmile upon her lips. Dignity and modeſty were joined in her deportment. When my brother told her who I was, ſhe welcomed me in a moſt engaging manner. On her queſtion, what had brought the reverend fathers to her cloiſter? my brother delivered his letter.—The looks which ſhe ſtole at my brother, while reading it, did not eſcape me. When ſhe had peruſed it, he told her he had another letter to deliver to Seraphine Albatroſſi; however the Abbeſs begged to defer it till next morning, becauſe the rules of the order allow not to ſpeak to a nun after veſper.

"We

"We had already taken, leave when my brother addreſſed the Abbeſs once more. "Reverend Lady," ſaid he, "I have been ſtruggling during veſper, with a doubt which has been raiſed by the voice of one of the choriſters. Has not a young lady of the name of Amelia been received in your order ſome months ago?" "I know the name of all the nuns, (was her reply) however I aſſure you none of that name has been received."—"How could I aſk ſuch a fooliſh queſtion," my brother reſumed, "I could have known that a lady whom I ſaw buried, cannot be in a nunnery.—But why muſt I hear that voice which almoſt has turned my brains?" The Abbeſs ſmiled in a moſt ſignificant manner, and we left her.

"The next morning I obſerved, on our way to the cloiſter, a man whoſe carriage and dreſs reſembled in a ſtriking manner thoſe of the ſtranger whom I had ſeen at the theatre, ſtepping in great haſte out of the gate, and turning round a corner. However the diſtance being too great to diſcern his features, I could not be

be ſure whether I was not miſtaken. So much, however, is certain, that I took this accident for a favourable omen, which raiſed my drooping ſpirits, although I could not foreſee the poſſibility of a happy cataſtrophe.

"Being arrived at the cloiſter we were ſhewn into the parlour. The Abbeſs entered.—"You wiſh to ſpeak to Seraphine Albatroffi?" ſaid ſhe to my brother, "you ſhall ſee her," and retired. After a few moments ſhe returned with a nun, whoſe face was covered with a veil. My brother was going to deliver the letter, when, on a ſignal of the Abbeſs, ſhe removed the veil, and my brother lay fainting in my arms.

"O poverty of human language! thou art never felt more lively, than when one wants to paint ſcenes of ſuch a nature. I ſhould torment myſelf in vain if I were to give you, by words, an idea of the ſenſations which ruſhed upon me, when I beheld the face of the nun. Conclude what muſt have been the feelings of my brother when he ſaw—his *Amelia*, whom he

he had lamented as dead. Even when he had recovered from his ſwoon, I obſerved by his looks, his motions and his faultering accents, that he fancied the whole ſcene to be a deluſion of his imagination or a ſecond apparition. He was on the point to have a ſecond fainting fit, when the Abbeſs led Amelia to his arms, and thus convinced him of the reality of her perſon.

" Father Eugene and the Domina were ſo kind as to retire, and to ſuffer me to be the ſole witneſs of the firſt emotions of the happy couple. But how was my brother ſeized with terror and aſtoniſhment, when he was ſcornfully repelled by Amelia, whom he was going to preſs to his panting boſom! " Stand off, perfidious man!" ſhe ſaid, " are you come to mock me?" My brother was rivetted to the floor, ſpeechleſs, and with the wild looks of a poor wretch who has dreamed he was the happieſt man living, and when awaking, finds himſelf in a noiſome dungeon. Seeing him almoſt petrified, and unable to utter a ſyllable, I ſaid, " I beg your pardon,

don, my Lady, for meddling with your concerns: however, it cannot be indifferent to hear my brother called a villain. Who has dared to inſtill that fatal ſuſpicion in your heart?" "Would to God!" ſhe replied, "it were nothing but mere ſuſpicion! would I wear this veil if I had not the moſt convincing proofs of his perfidy?" So ſaying, ſhe threw herſelf on a chair, and covered her face again to hide her flowing tears. This ſight reſtored my brother at once to life, and the power of utterance. O! Amelia!" he exclaimed, "would I appear before you in this garment, if I really was a perfidious villain. Yet, before I exculpate myſelf on that head, anſwer me only one queſtion. By what miracle are you come to this cloiſter, you whom I have ſeen in the coffin, and at whoſe tomb I have ſhed ſo many torrents of burning tears?" Amelia gazed at him with looks which ſeemed to ſay: art thou mad, or going to mock me? Her aſtoniſhment roſe to the higheſt degree when he reſumed: "Alas! how have I deſerved theſe ſcornful

ful looks, and that contemptuous ſilence? Have I not literally executed the laſt command you have pronounced in the coffin? is not this garment which I wear, an inconteſtible proof of my obedience?"— "What do you mean by death and coffin?" Amelia replied, ſtill miſtaking his ſpeech for the language of infanity, "when have I ever given you a command to that purpoſe?" "The night before you was buried." At the ſame time he mentioned the month and day when this had happened. "The night of which you are ſpeaking, is the ſame in which I entered theſe cloiſtered walls. Do you call taking the veil to die?" "As ſure as I am alive (my brother exclaimed) I *ſaw* you really in the coffin, followed your funeral to the chapel of the Carmelites, where you have been entombed." "My God! this is too much!" exclaimed Amelia, when father Eugen entered the parlour with the Abbeſs.

"Children!" ſaid the latter, "you will never come to an eclairciſſement while you are deſtitute of the key to your hiſtory,

tory. Both of you have been impoſed upon in a moſt villainous manner. Have patience only a few days, when the myſtery ſhall be unfolded, and the moſt complete ſatisfaction given to you.

" The confirmation of my brother's innocence, pronounced by the Abbeſs, and the letter from the Provincial, were ſufficient to reconcile Amelia to her lover.—The conſequence of it was, that both of them left their reſpective order, and were married five days after.

" God be praiſed! indeed Count you have alarmed me very much on account of that couple."

" The affair does not end here. The marriage ceremony was performed at night, at the caſtle of Baron Perpignan, a relation to father Eugene. The father had juſt pronounced the marriage benediction, and the happy couple were yet ſtanding at the altar, when the folding doors of the chapel were flung open and Amelia's mother and brother appeared on the threſhold. A momentary aſtoniſhment enſued on both ſides. Charles recovered

covered his ſpeech firſt, roaring, "treachery! treachery!" however, a look of the father ſealed his lips. Father Eugene having requeſted the witneſſes who had ſigned the marriage contract to retire for a few minutes, he ſtepped forth with awful ſolemnity, and ſaid: "I have ſummoned you hither partly in order to witneſs a union which all your infernal machinations could not prevent, and partly to force you to a confeſſion of the villainous tricks which you have played this injured couple, and to atone for the wrongs they have ſuffered from your malice. If you don't comply inſtantly with theſe juſt demands, I ſhall find means to oblige you to do it in a manner which will make you repent your obſtinacy. As ſoon as Amelia's mother and brother heard this energetic language, they ſubmitted and made the following confeſſion:

"Charles had planned the deſign not only to make a breach between Amelia and my brother Ferdinand, but alſo to ſhut the former up in a cloiſter without the knowledge of the latter, in order to

prevent the poſſibility of a reconciliation. The execution of this plan promiſed him the additional advantage to get poſſeſſion of her paternal inheritance—a circumſtance which was the principle view which had prompted him to perpetrate that infernal deed, becauſe the fortune his father had left him was inſufficient to defray the expences of his licentious manner of living. Charles was beloved by Lucy, and conſequently found it not difficult to draw her into the plot which he had formed with his mother againſt the unhappy couple. She conſented with ſo much the leſs reluctance to lend her aſſiſtance to thoſe wretches, becauſe Charles had repreſented my brother to her as a very diſadvantageous party for his ſiſter, and promiſed to marry Lucy if ſhe would join them in the execution of their deſign.

"The means which were employed for accompliſhing their artful plan, I have already acquainted you with at large; they were the ſame which were made uſe of (as my brother had been perſuaded)

to

to deceive Amelia's mother. The ſnare was laid in ſuch a manner, that my brother could not well eſcape it. The acquaintance which he made with Lucy at chapel, was the firſt deciding ſtep to his ruin. Charles repreſented their connection to his ſiſter as the effect of a conqueſt which Lucy's charms had gained over Ferdinand's heart. Amelia laughed at it at firſt; but Lucy, who confirmed his aſſertion, invented every day ſo many plauſible lies, that Amelia's heart at length became the reſting place of jealouſy, and the whole terrible train of that infernal monſter."

"But how could Amelia in that ſituation write to your brother that he ſhould do every thing that Lucy, her rival, ſhould deſire?"

"The note was forged, Charles having imitated the hand of his ſiſter."

"I comprehend you; go on, if you pleaſe."

"Amelia had been tormented, as yet, by the bare poſſibility of Ferdinand's perfidy; however, the poſſibility attained the

higheſt degree of probability, when ſhe ſaw Lucy paſs her window in triumph on Ferdinand's arm. But having witneſſed the ſcene which was acted at Lucy's houſe, the probability of Ferdinand's infidelity was raiſed to the moſt indubitable certainty; the conſequence of which was a fainting fit, and the profoundeſt contempt for my brother. Charles had waited with impatience for this criſis, and took advantage of Amelia's lamentable ſituation, to perſuade her to take the veil. He ſucceeded without difficulty; and ſhe conſented with a melancholy pleaſure to leave a world which had no longer any charms for her. However, the villain was not ſatisfied with ſeeing his ſiſter immured in a cloiſter! although he had taken the greateſt precaution to render her reception as ſecret as poſſible, by perſuading her to aſſume a fictitious name, yet he did not think himſelf ſufficiently ſecure againſt Ferdinand's ſearches. In order to prevent for ever any inveſtigation, he gave out that ſhe had died. In order to confirm my brother ſtill more in

that

that perſuaſion, he announced her death one evening by the groans which Ferdinand had heard before his door, and acted, in the night when ſhe was carried to the cloiſter, the part of the dead Amelia. You are aſtoniſhed. You gaze at me with doubtful looks. Yet this was really the caſe. Charles had watched the time when my brother's ſervant was out of the houſe, ſtole ſoftly to his door, and imitating the voice of his ſiſter pronounced the name Ferdinand! in a doleful accent, opened the door, and made his eſcape.—

"That point I will not diſpute with you; however, you will never make me believe that he acted the part of a corps, and expoſed himſelf to the almoſt certain danger of being caught in the fact, and that your brother ſhould have ſuffered himſelf to be deceived in ſuch a blunt manner."

"And yet what I have told you is literally true. The features of Charles bearing a great reſemblance to thoſe of his ſiſter, and the reſt of the body being

covered by the pall, the deception was not ſo very difficult. Beſides, if you conſider, that my brother entertained not the leaſt doubt againſt Lucy's account of Amelia's death; that the groans which he had heard before his door, and the myſterious manner in which he was introduced in the apartment where the pretended corps was lying, and other ſimilar circumſtances had been prepared to make the ſcene which was diſplayed before his eyes paſs for reality, then you will not think him over credulous, nor the people he had to deal with too daring, and too ſanguine in their hopes of deceiving him. If you add, that the ſight of the coffin ſurrounded with lighted torches, the artificial ſmell of corruption, and the ſkilfully imitated livid colour of death which the face of Charles was painted with, the profound awful ſilence which reigned around, and the ſolemn midnight hour ſpread over the whole illuſion the appearance of reality; and if you at the ſame time reflect on the dreadful ſtate of Ferdinand's mind, you will eaſily conceive that

that it was almoſt impoſſible for him to detect the fraud, nay, even to harbour the leaſt ſuſpicion of a deception!—Charles would have ſucceeded, even if he had poſſeſſed only half the temerity which he was gifted with."

"Nevertheleſs, Charles was not entirely ſecure of ſucceſs. How would he, for example, have extricated himſelf, if Ferdinand had perceived life in him, when he threw himſelf upon the corps?"

"It was impoſſible my brother could have made that obſervation during the firſt violent workings of his ſoul, which almoſt had bereft him of the uſe of his ſenſes, and if he had approached Charles a ſecond time, he would have erected himſelf inſtantly, and pronounced thoſe ſolemn words which he addreſſed afterwards to him."

"Pray, to what purpoſe did he addreſs theſe words to him? was it only to keep him at a proper diſtance, or did he really wiſh the execution of that requeſt?"

"Both. As ſoon as Ferdinand had begged the nurſe to retire, Charles expect-

ed a farewell ſcene, which appeared dangerous to him; for that reaſon, he roſe as ſoon as he obſerved that he was ſtepping near. The injunction he laid on Ferdinand to take orders was very ſeaſonable, becauſe that ſtep promiſed to ſeparate my brother and Amelia for ever. That the event has not confirmed Charles's hope, was certainly no fault of his."

"Thus far every thing is very clear to me; however, the burial is ſtill a myſtery to my underſtanding; for I do not think that Charles had a mind to be buried alive."

"A piece of wood, dreſſed in the garments of a nun, and an artificial face of wax, covered with a veil, repreſented him, or rather Amelia, and was ſolemnly entombed in the church of the Carmelites."

"But how could the Iriſhman develope fraud which was deſigned and executed with ſo much infernal art, and how could he ſo ſucceſsfully deſtroy the conſequences which it was to produce?

"That I cannot tell you!"

"The

"The Iriſhman is a God!" I exclaimed.

"And I am his betrayer!" groaned the Count, hiding his face.

I endeavoured in vain to conſole him, by repreſenting to him that he had arreſted him out of a pardonable error. "I am nevertheleſs the cauſe of his death!" was his reply. Paleſki's obſervation that the Iriſhman had regained his liberty, was equally fruitleſs. "What reliance can I have on an intelligence which comes from ſuch a ſuſpicious ſource?" he replied, and his ſerenity and cheerfulneſs ſeemed to have left him for ever.

I put him in mind that he ſtill owed me the concluſion of Amelia's adventures, when he reſumed the thread of his narration:

"Mother and ſon having finiſhed their humiliating confeſſion, father Eugene aſked the new married couple what ſort of ſatisfaction they wiſhed to have? Ferdinand examined anxiouſly the looks of his lady, who, after a ſhort pauſe, ſtretched out her hand with heavenly goodneſs to her mo-

ther and brother, and solemnly renounced every satisfaction. My brother imitated her example. Neither of the criminals had expected such an act of generosity, and a ray of joy displayed itself on their countenance; however father Eugen overclouded it in a moment. "This generosity," said he, turning to the mother, "challenges your equity. It is not customary to marry a daughter without giving her a dowry; I think thirty thousand livres will not be too much. I need not to remark, that this sum is not to be deducted from Amelia's paternal inheritance, which is her lawful property. Within four weeks that money must be delivered to the Carmelites at Anneville, who will put it into the hands of the Countess without delay. Their cloister, which you have so daringly prophaned by that mock burial, demands the sum of six thousand livres, as a satisfaction for the injury it has received from you." Having pronounced this sentence he rang a bell, and the witnesses who had retired re-appeared.

"Gen-

"Gentlemen," faid father Eugene, "I beg you will have the goodneſs to atteſt a donation which this lady is going to make, and to give it a legal validity by your ſignature."

"And what did Amelia's mother ſay? what Charles? did they not refuſe to comply with the requeſt of father Eugene?"

"All their reluctance availed them nothing, the menaces of the eccleſiaſtic made them obedient. When the donation was executed, and lawfully atteſted, and the witneſſes were retired, he informed Charles and his mother that the whole affair was a ſecret to every one, even to the lord of the caſtle; he would therefore adviſe them not to raiſe ſuſpicion by an abrupt departure, and to give them their company at the wedding feſtival. The invitation was accepted, but you may eaſily think with what ſenſations.

"The Baron had omitted nothing that could contribute to render the feaſt ſplendid and cheerful. A ſelected company, a ſumptuous meal, and heavenly muſic

ſpread the glow of merriment around; even Charles was uncommonly jocund; however, black, malicious revenge, was rankling in his breaſt. When dinner was over Ferdinand opened the ball with Amelia.—Heavens! what a dance! my imagination made me fancy the golden age of ancient Greece was returned. Every look ſeemed to be charmed by a magic ſpell, tracing with viſible delight the elegant movements of the accompliſhed pair, who expreſſed in a ſpeaking manner, the harmony of their ſentiments by every geſture and attitude. This enchanting ſpectacle occupied the attention of every one preſent in ſuch a manner, that a new gueſt, who meanwhile had mixed with our circle, was not obſerved before the dance was finiſhed, amid the univerſal loud applauſe of the whole company. It was a white maſk of a middle ſize, of a noble majeſtic appearance, and dreſſed like a genius. Curioſity ſoon drew a gaping circle around him, and every one aſſailed him with queſtions and inquiſitive looks, but the maſk returned no anſwer. However

ever this ſerved only to raiſe the curioſity of the company to a higher degree, particularly when the lord of the caſtle declared that the maſk was not among the number of the gueſts who had been invited to the feaſt. The examinations and queſtions were now renewed with additional inquiſitiveneſs; ſeveral names were delineated in the hand of the maſk, and numberleſs different conjectures ſtarted, however the unknown gueſt returned to every inquirer a denying motion of the head. The taciturn genius continuing to refuſe to make himſelf known, the Baron was perſuaded to addreſs him. "Sir," ſaid he, "whoever you be, you are welcome at my caſtle; however, the impatient deſire of theſe ladies and gentlemen puts me under the neceſſity to requeſt you to unmaſk. The ſtranger paid, however, no attention to this requeſt, taking father Eugene by the hand, and drawing ſome myſterious characters in it, the father inſtantly ſtepped forth, ſignifying to the company that the maſk would not be known, but was ready to diſcover himſelf

ſelf to the Baron after the feaſt ſhould be finiſhed. We were therefore obliged to bridle our curioſity, and to await patiently the developement of the myſtery.

"The maſk did not join in the dance, but wandered from place to place and was a mere obſerver. The latter part he acted particularly with reſpect to Charles, never loſing ſight of him during the whole night, without his ſeeming to notice it.

"Morning began to dawn, when Ferdinand, tired with dancing, retired to a table which was covered with wine bottles and goblets. Charles placed himſelf at the ſame table and entered into converſation with my brother. I concluded from ſome words which I caught while dancing, that they ſeemed inclined to be reconciled. This ſuppoſition was confirmed when I ſaw Charles exchanging his goblet with my brother. However, the whole ſcene was ſuddenly altered. When Ferdinand had taken up the goblet of Charles, and was going to empty it, the maſk who was ſtanding at ſome diſtance

diſtance exclaimed, "ſtop!" with ſo loud a voice that the attention of the whole aſſembly was excited. The dancers and muſicians ſtopped, and every one crowded around the table. The maſk took the goblet from my brother's hand, and begged him to deſire Charles to return him his. The latter was alarmed; however, he ſoon recovered his preſence of mind, addreſſing the maſk in a ſcornful ſtrain: "Who has given you leave to meddle with other people's buſineſs?" "That you ſhall know," replied the ſtranger coolly, "as ſoon as you ſhall have emptied the goblet which you have offered to the Count." A murmur, which grew louder every moment, was raiſed by the company. Charles attempted to beat the goblet out of the hand of the maſk; however, the latter ſeemed to have foreſeen it, holding it faſt. "Then you will not drink?" the maſk reſumed, "I expected it; for you know what the goblet contains; however," approaching a ſtep, and darting a piercing look at Amelia's brother, "I know it too." Charles was almoſt frantic with

with rage, and challenged the ſtranger to make good his words. "Well, if you will abſolutely have it ſo," he replied: "it is —— whiſpering a word in the ear of Charles, which covered his face with a death-like paleneſs. He attempted in vain to conceal his terror, trembled and ſeemed ready to ſwoon. All eyes were directed with horror at him and the maſk; all perſons preſent were ſtanding in profound awful expectation. Charles recovered his ſpeech firſt, after a conſiderable interval. "Man or devil!" he exclaimed, darting at the maſk, "I muſt ſee thy face!" However, the maſk puſhed him back with ſuch violence that he fell on the ſofa. "Poiſoner!" he ſaid with a terrible voice, "thou doſt not deſerve to ſee my face." The word poiſoner raiſed a general commotion. The maſk ſeeing it, turned to the ſpectators, ſtill holding the goblet in his hand: "I am going to account to the Lord of this caſtle for my actions; but previouſly I deſire you not to ſuffer this young ſpark to eſcape, for he is ripe for the gibbet." The

mother

mother, who ſeemed to have had a preſentiment of her ſons villainy, had retired without noiſe, after the beginning of this horrid ſcene. Amelia, whom that abominable incident had thrown in a ſwoon, began to recover when her brother was ſeized. The ruffian exerted every ſtrength which deſpair afforded him, to draw his poniard. "I will not die by the hand of the public executioner!" he roared, plunged the poniard in his boſom and dropped down; Amelia too ſunk to the ground. I am not capable to deſcribe the horror which thrilled every one of us at that ſhocking ſight; and the impreſſion which this event produced gained additional ſtrength by ſurpriſing us amid the flow of merriment and joviality. The maſk however retained his equanimity, taking care of Amelia, whom he carried to the adjoining apartment, where ſhe was reſtored to recollection with the greateſt difficulty. He then haſtened to Charles, who was ſtretched out on the floor without the leaſt ſign of life, and ſwimming in his blood. He examined and dreſſed his wound,

wound, and aſſerted, contrary to the general opinion, that he was not quite dead, ſending at the ſame time for chirurgical aſſiſtance. Charles really recovered before the ſurgeon arrived. His firſt queſtion was: "Whether Ferdinand was poiſoned?" Receiving a negative anſwer, he uttered a ſhocking curſe. Father Eugene exhorted him to repent; however, Charles tore the bandage from his wound, ſpirted blood in the face of the eccleſiaſtic, and expired."

Here the Count ſtopped. The change of his countenance, which the recollection of that ſcene produced, gave me an idea of the dreadful effect which the fact itſelf muſt have had upon him and the ſpectators. "Let us draw the curtain before this ſhocking ſcene!" I exclaimed, "and return to the maſk. Did the ſtranger not diſcover who he was?"

"Yes, to the Lord of the caſtle, of whom he deſired a private converſation in his cloſet, which nobody was admitted to, except father Eugene. However, as both of them vowed eternal ſecrecy, it is

not

not known who that ſtrange apparition was."

"But did no perſon watch the maſk when he left the caſtle?"

"No one had the courage to do it. The maſk returned with ſlow and ſolemn ſteps to the hall, was reſpectfully conducted to the door by the Baron and father Eugene, and diſappeared ſuddenly."

"And have you no ſuſpicion who that ſtrange being may have been."

"What I am able to gueſs is very uncertain."

"I think I can divine whom you ſuſpect. The Iriſhman?

"He reſembled him in ſize and deportment, however, his voice was entirely different."

"O! that can be diſguiſed. Only conſider that it was entirely his mode of acting. Even the myſterious veil which he drew around himſelf is to me an additional proof that my ſuppoſition is not unfounded."

"Alas! I then owe him not only the happineſs, but alſo the preſervation of my brother,

brother, and have committed a two-fold crime by having arreſted him." The Count relapſed into his former melancholy, and was ſilent. I attempted to amuſe him by putting ſeveral queſtions to him:

"Was the wine which Charles offered to your brother really poiſoned? what became of Amelia's mother? what of Lucy? what was the fate of the new couple? did no farther diſaſter overcloud their happineſs!"

"A part of the wine was poured into the mouth of a dog, who died that very evening, amid dreadful convulſions. Amelia's mother died a few months after of grief, on account of the loſs of her ſon. Lucy was deprived of her reaſon, and Ferdinand lived three years in happineſs with his Amelia at his eſtate."

"They have amply deſerved the favours of fate; but what interrupted after three years a happineſs, which ought to have laſted for ever?"

The Count's countenance was viſibly overſpread with gloomineſs. He remained ſilent. A violent emotion ſeemed to work

work in his ſoul. He attempted ſeveral times to ſpeak, but could not utter a word, and exhibited a ſight which touched me to the ſoul.

"O! my brother!" he exclaimed at length with a faltering voice, "Why does the recollection of thee ſeize me this moment with ſo much vehemence? Two years are now elapſed ſince I ſtrained thee the laſt time to my heart with fraternal affection, while thou wert ſqueezing my hand with weeping eyes, and ſaidſt farewel, in three months we ſhall meet again! Alas! thy promiſe has never been performed; we never have ſeen each other again, and the wound which the loſs of thee has ſtruck me, is ſtill bleeding."

Tears ſuppreſſed his voice, and heavy ſighs of deep affliction beſpoke the violence of the grief which rent his heart. At length the working of his ruffled mind abated, and he was again able to continue his doleful tale.

"Ferdinand," he reſumed, "went to Spain on buſineſs of great importance. Two months after his departure, he wrote

to us that he had formed an acquaintance with a Portugueſe Grandee who had come to Spain on buſineſs, and of whom his next letter would give us a more ſatisfactory account. Neither that letter nor himſelf arrived, and the time fixed for his return was expired a long while before we heard the leaſt tidings of him. At length we received a letter from an unknown hand, which contained the afflicting intelligence that my brother had been found dead in the ſtreet covered with many wounds. This letter fell unfortunately into the hands of Amelia, who then carried the firſt pledge of her mutual love under her heart. An abortion was the conſequence. The child was born dead, and we trembled for the life of its mother."

Here the Count broke off. "I have now finiſhed my tale," ſaid he after a ſhort ſilence. "Perhaps I have been more prolix in my narrative than I ought to have been; however the fate of two perſons ſo dear to my heart appeared to me ſo important, that it was impoſſible for me to be more brief. Forgive me, there-

fore, if I have treſpaſſed too long on your patience." I ſqueezed his hand affectionately, aſſuring him, with warmth, that he had rendered me a piece of ſervice by his tale, for which I ever ſhould be beholden to him, and we parted equally affected by the lamentable fate of his brother.

I was wont to amuſe myſelf frequently at night with my guitar for which inſtrument I always have had a great predilection. One evening I had played longer than uſual. It was already paſt ten o'clock, and I was not yet tired of playing, drawing melancholy tones from the ſtrings. Looking by accident out of the window, I diſcovered that I had been overheard. The moon ſhone bright and aſſiſted me to remark, that a female was ſtanding in a window of the oppoſite houſe, liſtening attentively to my play.—The liſtener was a heavenly girl, clad in a white night-gown, which was overſhaded by her long black treſſes. The fair one could not but obſerve my taking notice of her, and ſtealing every now and then an inquiſitive glance

glance at her lovely form, but nevertheleſs did not retire. I continued playing and ſhe ſtayed, and at the cloſe of the piece heaved an audible ſigh. The muſic ceaſed, and ſhe retired. My curioſity was excited, and I enquired the following day of my landlord who ſhe was, when I was told that ſhe was the orphan daughter of a rich merchant, who, with her mother, had been dead ſome years ſince, and at preſent was under the care of her uncle, who treated her very tyrannically.

"She refuſed ſome weeks ſince," my landlord added, "a very advantageous match, but I do not know for what reaſon."

I took the greateſt pains to ſee her the next day, but in vain! at ten o'clock at night ſhe re-appeared at the window.—The ſcene of the antecedent day was repeated.

Meanwhile the Count was entirely abſorbed in gloomy melancholy; the veſtiges of corroding grief were ſtrongly marked on his countenance. Entirely taken

taken up with his reveries and ſorrow, he avoided me and the converſation with men, wandering about in retired and unfrequented places, and coming home late at night, or ſhutting himſelf up in his apartment. Even in his dreams he was haunted by the idea of the melancholy fate of the *Unknown*. His ſervant confeſſed to me, that he frequently ſtarted up in his ſleep, uttering ſtrange incoherent ſpeeches.

His lamentable ſtate of mind afflicted me ſeverely. I had already tried ſeveral means to cheer him up, however, as I obſerved with great concern, without ſucceſs. I communicated to him my nocturnal adventure with the young lady, and his curioſity being excited, he wiſhed to have a ſight of her, and I appointed him to come to my apartment at ten o'clock at night. He came, but our beautiful neighbour did not appear. However, I had not played two minutes when ſhe ſhewed herſelf at the window. The Count ſeemed charmed with her lovely perſon, the furrows of grief diſappeared ſuddenly

from his brow, and I read ſerenity and love in his looks.

Although his lips did not confeſs the ſenſations of his heart, yet his whole deportment beſpoke plainly enough the change which had taken place in his mind. He appeared quite a new man. The ſight of that beauty had worked a miracle, which the moſt affectionate efforts of friendſhip had been incapable to effect. His cheerfulneſs and his fondneſs of ſociety returned. His former gloomineſs made room for a ſofter melancholy; he ſpoke but very rarely of the Iriſhman, but more frequently of our fair neighbour.

Thus ſix days elapſed; on the ſeventh I propoſed a ride into the country; however I found it very difficult to perſuade him to accompany me.

When we returned the following day, our landlord met us with news which almoſt petrified us. "Franciſka," ſaid he, "after whom you have lately enquired, has been taken up. She is ſuſpected to have poiſoned her uncle, who has been found dead

dead in his bed. Her ſervant has informed againſt her; the inqueſt of the coroner has confirmed her aſſertion, and poiſonous drugs have been found in Franciſca's poſſeſſion; very likely ſhe will die by the hands of the public executioner."

Our landlord had told us the truth, and what I and the Count thought impoſſible, really happened. The rack extorted from the hapleſs girl the confeſſion of her crime, and ſhe was beheaded eight days after her uncle's death. I followed the train in company with the Count, flattering myſelf with the hope of hearing her pardon pronounced at the place of execution. She was ſitting in the cart by the ſide of a prieſt, and dreſſed in a white garment. The horrors of the impending execution were ſtrongly painted on her pallid, diſordered countenance; her eyes were continually directed at the crucifix, which ſhe carried in her trembling hand, and every now and then moved to her quivering lips, and very rarely ſhe ſtole a look at the ſpectators, which ſeemed to implore aſſiſtance. I obſerved pity and

emotion on every countenance, on many faces confidence in her innocence and tears. This confirmed mine and the Count's hopes.

At length we arrived at the place of execution. Having made her confeſſion to the prieſt, ſhe was led forth by two executioners. He eyes, which ſtill beamed with the hope of being pardoned, ſeemed to be in ſearch of the meſſenger of ſalvation. Eut when he did not arrive after a long and anxious expectation, her countenance was overſpread with a deſponding gloom, and ſhe aſked the executioner with a trembling voice, whether no pardon could be expected. No ſooner had the fellow denied it, than ſhe wrung her hands in an agony of grief, and exclaimed with dreadful emotion:—"Alas! then I am doomed to die innocently in the bloom of my life?"

A murmuring aroſe among the multitude, which grew louder and louder. The prieſt went to her to perſuade her to reſign herſelf to her fate; but her horror at the impending death rendered his endea-

vours

vours fruitleſs. No fear of death can be more horrible than her's was. However, her ſtruggles and abhorrence ſerved only to increaſe the horrors of her doom, and ſhe ſuffered herſelf at length to be perſuaded to ſubmit with reſignation to her fate. She placed herſelf on the ſtool, to which ſhe was tied faſt. The approach of the deciding moment commanded general ſilence. Her eyes were blindfolded; the executioner unſheathed his ſword, and ſtill her hope of pardon was unaccompliſhed. The multitude were ſtanding in anxious, ſilent expectation. Her head was ſevered from her body, and the Count ſunk in my arms, uttering a loud ſcream.

The dreadful ſcene is ſtill hovering before my eyes, and the impreſſion which it produced on my mind never will be obliterated.

The unhappy girl had been executed innocently. The Count, whom I had not ſeen the whole afternoon, gave me that ſhocking information when he came home at night. "The real criminal," he

ſaid," has been detected too late. The old man has been poiſoned by the ſervant, who placed the poiſonous drugs in the drawers of her miſtreſs, in order to draw upon her the ſuſpicion, and the puniſhment of the deed which ſhe had perpetrated. She was bribed by the mother of the young man to whom Franciſca lately has refuſed to give her hand; but that very young man, who to-day has witneſſed her execution, and taſted the infernal pleaſure of a diabolical revenge, that very young man has accuſed himſelf, his mother and the ſervant, this afternoon, forced by the pungent ſtings of polluted conſcience. A numberleſs multitude are now going in proceſſion to the place of execution, in order to ſave the honour of the dead, and to remove the corpſe from the place of infamy where it is interred."

The Count perſuaded me to go with him to the place of execution. When we came into the fields we beheld at a diſtance the glare of innumerable torches, and a mournful ſolemn muſic vibrated in

our

our ears. On coming nearer, we beheld a great number of people who had aſſembled to follow the funeral train, which was headed by the relations and friends of the innocent victim.

The Count and myſelf went with the funeral to the cathedral, where, on my entrance, I ſeated myſelf in a dark corner, in order to obſerve the ceremony more at leiſure. The corpſe was carried three times round the altar, amid the ſound of trumpets and mournful dirges, and then left expoſed in the cathedral till the following day.

A chilly awe, anxiety, and melancholy were the ſenſations which thrilled me alternately during that ſcene. My mind was affected in ſuch a manner by this melancholy tranſaction, that it willingly caught and took hold of every idea which bore a reſemblance to the objects before my eyes. The lamentable fate of the Iriſhman was the firſt idea which formed itſelf upon my imagination, and at the ſame time recalled the recollection of my tutor and Amelia. My imagination re-

preſented theſe objects to me in the blackeſt hue, and filled my ſoul with doubts, apprehenſions, and ſorrow. It was late, and almoſt every perſon had retired, when I awoke from my reverie as if from a profound ſleep. All objects around me were veiled in darkneſs, and ſolemn ſilence reigned in the church. I ſearched for the Count, but could find him no where, and haſtened to the door. On my way thither, the faint glimmering of a dying lamp made me obſerve a man who was clad in black, and placed himſelf in the midſt of the entrance. Stepping nearer, he retired a few paces to let me paſs. When I looked round, I perceived that he followed me cloſely. Having left my ſervant at home, and the night being extremely dark, I grew apprehenſive, and ſtopped in order to let him paſs by; but he too checked his pace. I quickened my ſteps, and he did the ſame, and when I ſtopped again he followed my example. This appeared to me very ſingular and ſuſpicious, and I addreſſed him to know the reaſon of his ſtrange conduct,

but

but he returned no anſwer. I accoſted him a ſecond time, when he approached me ſlowly, looking inquiſitively at me, and exclaiming—" How are you, my Lord Duke?" " You are miſtaken in the perſon!" I replied; his anſwer was: " I beg your pardon, I am not miſtaken in the perſon of your Grace!" " Indeed you are, becauſe I am no Duke." " Yes you are!" he replied with emphaſis. I did not know what to think of the matter. I could not ſee his face, nor could I remember ever to have heard his voice. I ſtill thought that he muſt have miſtaken me for another perſon, reſuming: " It is very ſtrange that you pretend to know better than myſelf who I am."

" Strange, but not impoſſible! you are the Duke of Ca*ina."

" Not yet!" I replied ſtruck with aſtoniſhment—" but who are you?"

" A meſſenger from the Iriſhman."

Nothing could have ſurpriſed me in a more pleaſing manner. I embraced him with rapture. " Then he is yet alive!" I exclaimed—" and where is he?"

" If you are at leiſure to follow me, you ſhall hear his hiſtory."

" Tell it me inſtantly, I will follow you whitherſoever you pleaſe."

" The Iriſhman" ſaid the ſtranger as we were walking along, " was pronounced guilty of ſorcery, and at firſt condemned to be burnt alive. However, his judges receiving ſeveral accounts concerning his perſon and power, which filled their hearts with fear and awe, decreed afterwards to have him executed privately, in order to avoid all needleſs noiſe. At the ſame time, I muſt not forget to tell you, that they had employed every means to ſecure his perſon in ſuch a manner that his eſcape ſeemed to be utterly impoſſible, having ordered him to be removed to a ſubterraneous dungeon where he was hung up in chains, and placed ſtrong guards all around his impenetrable priſon. Conceive therefore the aſtoniſhment and terror of the judges, when the executioner was diſpatched to behead him in private, and returned with the intelligence that he had found the priſon empty."

" Won-

"Wonderful!—and has it not been diſcovered by what means he has effected his eſcape?"

"Notwithſtanding the moſt minute examinations having been made, none has been diſcovered, and in ſpite of the moſt careful ſearches and enquiries, no veſtige of the priſoner has been traced out."

"But who unchained him from his fetters? how could he deceive the watchfulneſs of the guards? how could he find a way through impenetrable walls?"

"That I cannot tell you, ſuffice it that he has regained his liberty!"

"Then is it true, what Amelia's valet has told me, and what I could not believe; but where is he at preſent?"

"He is not far from hence."

"Not far? and why does he delay to ſhew himſelf to me? O lead me to him!"

"What do you deſire of him?"

"What do I deſire? I wiſh to know the fate of my tutor! or can you perhaps give me information of it?"

"What do you expect to hear?"

"Alas! that he is dead!"

"You ſhall ſee him."

"Beyond the grave?"

"You ſhall ſee and ſpeak to him in this world; but at preſent, do not enquire further!"

"Your promiſe is ſufficient. But Amelia?—what do you know of her?"

"It is very ſtrange that you enquire ſo anxiouſly after theſe perſons, and entirely forget the object that ought to be the moſt important to you!"

"The moſt important object?"

"Woe unto the man who is not told by his own heart, that this object is his country!"

"What can I do for my country?"

"The queſtion is not what you *can*, but what you *will* do!"

"But how do you come to aſk that queſtion?"

"I have put this queſtion to you, becauſe you ſhall ſee neither the Iriſhman, nor your tutor, nor Amelia, if you don't give a deciding anſwer."

I remained ſilent.

"Per-

" Perhaps you doubt the truth of this menace ; however, it will certainly be carried into execution—as certain as Franciſca has bled here innocently.

I looked around. We were arrived at the place of execution. Entirely taken up with our diſcourſe, I had neglected to take notice of the way which the ſtranger had led me. His laſt words pierced my heart like a dagger.

" Upon my honour" ſaid I, " it is my warmeſt, ſincereſt wiſh to ſerve my country ; but conſider the reſentment of my father, the dangers which ſuch a daring ſtep would expoſe me to, the improbability of its ſucceſs——"

The ſtranger ſeized me violently by the arm ! " Ha ! fickle, inconſtant young man," he exclaimed in a different accent, which I inſtantly knew to be that of the Iriſhman, " do you fulfil your promiſe thus ?"

I was going to reply, but the word died on my lips. I trembled as if ſtanding before a dreadful being of ſuperior order.

" Or have you forgotten," continued the Iriſhman, " that you have promiſed me

me to exert every power in the ſervice of honour and your country which groans under the unlawful oppreſſion of foreign deſpotiſm, while the lawful king, baniſhed from the throne of his anceſtors, languiſhes in inglorious obſcurity ?"

" The old king ? ſhould he really be alive ?" I enquired in a timid whiſper.

" If you will ſwear a ſolemn oath not to divulge the ſecret, you ſhall ſee him, and if the ſight of the reverend hoary man, who is worn down by the burden of 108 years, does not make you ſtrain every nerve to enforce his title to the crown, then you do not deſerve to be a man."

" Name the place of his abode, that I may go and do homage to him. My life ſhall be a pledge of my ſecrecy."

" If you come to the foot of the Pyrenees, near Pampelona, inquire after the pious hermit, and when you come in his preſence, you will behold the King!"

" Paleſki," ſaid I, with aſtoniſhment, " has told me lately of ſuch an hermit—"

" He is the ſame perſon. There I ſhall

ſee

ſee your Grace again, and demand a categorical anſwer."

"You have ſtyled me Duke of Ca*na; how am I to underſtand that?"

"You will know it ſhortly. Farewell!"

He was going to leave me, when ſuddenly the ſight of the place of execution put me in mind of the fate of the unhappy innocent girl. "You have been here—" ſaid I—"and yet Franciſca died innocently?"

"The thread of her life has been cut aſunder according to an eternal decree of fate; I could not prevent her execution; all that has been in my power was to ſave the honour of the hapleſs victim; and I have done her that laſt ſervice; for it was I who awakened the dormant conſcience of the villain who perpetrated the horrid deed, that he went himſelf to the judge, and diſcovered the guilty perſon."

So ſaying, the Iriſhman left me, and was inſtantly out of ſight.

I haſtened to the Count, who had been returned long before me, and was waiting for

for me with anxious apprehenſion. "The ſight of the funeral," ſaid he, "produced ſuch a dreadful impreſſion upon my mind, that I could not remain at the cathedral; but where have *you* been all the time?"

"With the —— Iriſhman!"

A ſudden redneſs flufhed in the pale face of the Count when I pronounced theſe words; he meaſured me awhile with gazing looks, which ſeemed to enquire whether I was ſerious or jeſting.

"Upon my honor, dear Count, I have ſeen the Iriſhman and converſed with him." So ſaying, I related to him at large the incident.

"Then he has made good what he promiſed when he was taken up!" the Count exclaimed joyfully when I had finiſhed my account. The apparition of the Iriſhman was balſam to the bleeding wound which his heart had received by the death of Franciſca.

Now I ſaw clearly what deſigns the *Unknown* had upon me, and ſtill a ſecret inward voice continued whiſpering to me, not

not to ſuffer myſelf to be entangled in ſo dangerous an undertaking. However, the Count diſpelled my doubts. "What the Iriſhman," ſaid he, "has performed as yet is an undubitable proof that he is endowed with ſupernatural powers. His mental faculties are as much ſuperior to ours as his aſtoniſhing power. I think therefore it will be leſs dangerous to follow his guidance, than to oppoſe his will. Or do you fancy that the Iriſhman will engage in any undertaking, the ſucceſs of which he has not calculated exactly? In ſuch a head no plan can be engendered, which cannot be carried into execution. The mark at which he aims is undoubtedly always the beſt, and the means he employs to attain it are certainly the ſafeſt that can be deviſed. His wiſdom is the greateſt ſecurity to me, that he only will undertake what he can perform; and his power, that he will be able to execute ſucceſsfully what he deſigns."

"But will his power alſo protect me againſt the reſentment of my father, or his wiſdom

wiſdom find means to conceal from him my undertaking?"

"Is the latter not probable to you? At leaſt to me it is; for concealment is the channel through which the Iriſhman uſes to act. Your actions too he will conduct through that channel, and render it impoſſible they ſhould come to the knowledge of your father."

"If he can promiſe that, then I am determined."

I was ſurpriſed at the joy which the Count diſplayed on account of my reſolution, and we determined to ſet out in two days for the abode of the royal hermit. Previous to our getting into the carriage, I received a letter from the magiſtrate, who informed me that a dangerous illneſs had prevented him from acquainting me ſooner that the Iriſhman had eſcaped from his priſon in a moſt myſterious and unaccountable manner. This confirmation of the miraculous eſcape of the Iriſhman, was an additional incitement to me to accelerate our journey, and we arrived on the fourth evening after our ſetting out

at

at the place of our deſtination. We enquired without delay for the pious hermit, and ſoon found him out. The firſt ſight of the hoary recluſe convinced me, that the garment of a monk concealed a king.

I had no ſooner told him who we were and who had ſent us, than he welcomed us cordially and led us to his cell. There he treated us with a ſimple frugal fare, and liſtened attentively to a brief account which I gave him of my adventures. Having finiſhed my tale, he led us to the inner cell, where, as Paleſki had told me, the picture of the *Unknown* was ſuſpended over the altar and covered with a curtain, which being removed, he aſked me, "whether I knew whom it was to repreſent?"

"It is he, it is the *Unknown*!" I exclaimed; and to ſpeak the truth, no likeneſs could be more ſtriking. It reſembled him to the higheſt degree, with only that difference that the dreſs was in the Arabic faſhion. "Thus," ſaid the king, "he looked when I ſaw him the firſt time after the unfortunate battle in Africa, where I fell from my horſe, dangerouſly wounded.

I found

I found myſelf in his arms when I recovered from a fainting fit, at a great diſtance from the field of battle. He was the benevolent Samaritan who poured oil and wine in my wounds, and nurſed me during my illneſs, till I recovered my health. In order to enſure my ſafety, he propagated the rumour of my death, and ordered ſome of his people to bring him the body of a chriſtian which was entirely disfigured by numberleſs wounds, pretending it was my corpſe. That body he put in a cheſt, and carefully marked the place where it was buried with a heap of ſtones. When my kingdom was uſurped by the Sp * * ſh crown, government ordered my ſuppoſed corpſe to be removed from the place where it was known to have been buried to B * * m, and to be ſolemnly entombed in that town.

" Inſtructed by my benefactor, I learned the Arabic language, aſtronomy, and natural hiſtory. He at the ſame time communicated to me ſome medical arcana, to the application of which I owe my long life, and which has enabled me to cure

cure many diſeaſes that generally are thought incurable. By theſe means I alſo have acquired the name of the wonder-working hermit, by which I am known in all the neighbouring towns and villages.

"Hiermanſor (for this was the name of my benefactor) led, in a paradiſiacal ſpot, a retired, ſolitary life. The greateſt part of his time he ſpent in my company. There were only two hours of the day when I could not ſee him, at twelve at noon and at midnight. At thoſe hours he always retired under ſome pretext or other, and I could find him no where, in ſpite of my unremitted endeavours to explore the place of his retirement. I had attempted ſeveral times to ſpeak to him on that point, but perceiving that he always aſſumed a very ſerious look whenever I put that queſtion to him, I did not dare to ſtart it any more. However, I watched ſecretly every opportunity of unfolding that myſtery. An accident gave me at length an opportunity to ſatisfy my curioſity. One evening I was in purſuit of a beautiful

a beautiful ſky-blue ſerpent, and when I thought at length to lay hold of my game, it ſlipped through my hands into a buſh. I forced my way through the underwood, and diſcovered the entrance to a low grotto, which led to a ſmall ſtair-caſe under ground. I went down, tempted by curioſity, and came to an iron door. All my endeavours to force it open were fruitleſs. As I was ſtanding before the door, I heard ſuddenly a loud noiſe like the roaring of the ſea, but could not diſcover any thing elſe. However, I fancied I had traced out the place to which Hiermanſor retired, and went away ſatisfied with my diſcovery, expecting to know the reſt at twelve o'clock at night. With that view I concealed myſelf againſt midnight in the neighbourhood of the grotto. Hiermanſor appeared with a dark lanthorn, and paſſed me without perceiving that his ſteps were watched. I heard him open the iron door, and ſhut it again with a tremendous noiſe. I deſcended the ſtair-caſe with timid ſteps, ſcarcely daring to fetch breath. The iron door was ſhut, however,

however, a crack which I diſcovered after a long ſearch enabled me to ſee the inner part of the cavern. An old faintly lighted vault preſented itſelf to my inquiſitive looks; three black cuſhions were placed in the middle. Hiermanſor flung himſelf upon one of them, folding his hands, and ſeemed to pray fervently. After an interval of about five minutes, he roſe and went to the dark back part of the vault. He returned with ſlow ſteps and a pale countenance, carrying a ſkull in his right, and a cryſtal goblet in his left hand. He ſtepped before a lamp which was ſuſpended to the ceiling, pouring ſomething which ſeemed to be blood out of the ſkull into the goblet. His nature ſeemed to revolt againſt the noiſome beverage; however, he emptied the goblet with one draught, ſtretched himſelf upon the cuſhion, ſhut his eyes, and was motionleſs. At once I heard a ruſtling, and two white figures appeared, placing themſelves upon the cuſhions by Hiermanſor's ſide. They appeared to be two new animated corpſes,

corpſes, which had juſt left the grave. No ſooner had they touched him, than he aroſe, looking at them in a manner which plainly proved that he was uſed to ſee ſuch objects of horror. I concluded from the motion of Hiermanſor's lips, that he was talking to one of the white figures, however, I could not hear the leaſt ſound. A little time after, he turned to the other figure, and ſeemed to be converſing with it too. At once his countenance was overſpread with a dark gloom, he began to tremble, the apparition aroſe, the faint light of the vault ſuddenly encreaſed to a glaring brightneſs, which in a moment was ſwallowed up by the blackeſt darkneſs; the ground beneath my feet began to ſhake, a thundering noiſe ſtruck my ears, I heard Hiermanſor ſcream violently. I was ſeized with a chilling tremor, ran up the ſteps, and arrived in my apartment almoſt deprived of the uſe of my ſenſes.

"I lay ſleepleſs in my bed all night long, and when morning began to dawn, Hiermanſor entered my apartment to tell me that he was obliged to leave me a few days,

and bade me a tender farewell, cautioning me at the same time to be on my guard during his absence. He departed, and I neglected his kind advice. Youthful thoughtlessness led me the next day after his departure farther from my abode than it was prudent; some Saracens who had seen me in the fatal battle, which had almost cost me my life, discovered and seized me. Fortunately they mistook me for a Christian general, not suspecting that I was the king, who generally was believed to have lost his life in the field of battle. I shared the fate of their slaves, was forced to work very hard, and to suffer the most cruel treatment, till at length Hiermanfor redeemed me, paying an immense sum for my liberty.

"I cannot describe the sentiments which I entertained for my benefactor since that night when I had watched him. Although my gratitude remained unaltered, yet my love for him was constrained by a kind of awe, which in his presence bordered on anxiety. He seemed to observe it, as I perceived by some questions which he

occaſionally ſtarted; however, I had not the courage to return a frank anſwer.—His conduct towards me ſuffered no alteration, but my notions of him were changed. I was aware that there was a diſtance between us which rendered his converſation painful to me. My temper made me unfit to reliſh the retired peaceful life which he led. The fire of youthful ardour, and the ſpur of honour, ſtimulated me violently to mix again in the variegated buſtle of the world: I would ſtay no longer with him, and declared to him that I was determined to travel."

"That you ſhall," Hiermanſor replied, "but you ſhall travel to your kingdom, in order to re-aſcend your throne?"—"However all his arguments and perſuaſions were thrown away upon me, and I was firmly determined not to return to my country before I ſhould have ſignaliſed myſelf by ſome great feats of gallantry; the idea of meeting thoſe who had ſo ſtrongly diſſuaded me from the cruſade againſt the infidel, being too humiliating to my lofty mind.

"It

"It was utterly improbable that I ever ſhould be able to blot out, by a ſecond victorious cruſade, the ſhame of a loſt battle, having loſt my whole army and the flower of my knights. My plan, therefore, was firſt to acquire ſome renown in foreign countries by the valour of my arm, and then to return to my country, crowned with honour. Hiermanſor cautioned me in vain againſt repentance, which would come too late. I perſiſted in my reſolution, and travelled.

"My benefactor accompanied me. A faithful hiſtory of my travels would, at the ſame time, be a hiſtory of his miraculous deeds. However, ſome days would ſcarcely be ſufficient to delineate only a ſhort ſketch of his wonderful exploits; one incident which happened on our way to Algiers may, therefore, ſuffice to afford you a juſt notion of the power of that ſingular man.

"Travelling one day through a little wood, we perceived in the thicket a young man, who ſeemed to be the victim of the moſt pungent grief, and ſtruggling

with deſpair. His face was emaciated, his right hand was armed with a poniard, and his eyes ſtared wildly at it. We approached without his perceiving us, in the very moment when he was going to plunge the dagger in his heart. I arreſted his hand, and wreſted the fatal inſtrument from him. He dropped ſenſeleſs in my arms. Having with great difficulty reſtored him to the uſe of his ſenſes, we perſuaded him, after repeated fruitleſs prayers, to relate to us the hiſtory and origin of his deſpair. "I am the ſon of the firſt officer of ſtate at Algiers; my name is Morgan. My heart pants for the daughter of the Dey, and hers for me. Her father was privy to, and approved of our mutual flame, till a powerful rival, Benharad, a Mauritanian prince, came to his court. He courted the hand of my miſtreſs, and the Dey promiſed to give him his daughter in marriage. Neither the former promiſe which he had given me, nor the tears of the hapleſs girl, could ſhake his mind, and to-morrow evening my

my miſtreſs is to be married to my rival."

"Is the Dey fond of his daughter?" Hiermanſor enquired.

"He doats on her, however pride and ambition have rendered him cruel."

"Thou ſhalt have her."

"A convulſive ſmile of the young man, and his looks, which were gazing at the poniard in my hand, proved how little confidence he repoſed in that promiſe; however Hiermanſor ſoon re-kindled, by the power of his perſuaſion, the dormant hope in the heart of the young man. Who is not willing to believe what he ardently wiſhes? hope crimſoned the pale cheeks of Morgan.

"Hiermanſor aſked me the next morning whether I had no deſire to try my fortune at a tournament, to which Benharad had invited the nobles and knights of Algiers, in order to prove by the valour of his arm, that he was not undeſerving the beautiful daughter of the Dey? I accepted his propoſal with pleaſure. When I was going to enter the liſts, he wiſhed

me once more ſucceſs, and diſappeared in the throng of the numerous ſpectators.

The Dey himſelf honoured the tournament with his preſence, his daughter being ſeated at his right hand. The charms of her beautiful perſon were heightened by the dazzling ſplendour of her attire; however the ſufferings of ill-fated love had bleached the roſes of her cheeks. She beheld with indifference the valour of Benharad, who conquered one antagoniſt after the other, which increaſed my vexation at this ſight. I met the proud victor with my lance, in order to avenge the conquered knight. He ruſhed upon me like a tempeſt, and the blow which I received was ſo vehement, that I maintained the ſaddle with difficulty, while my lance had been ſhivered to atoms by the ſhield of the immoveable Mauritanian.

"Emboldened by ſo many victories, Benharad challenged one knight after the other, however none of them would riſk a ſecond time the ſhame of being unhorſed. He was already going to approach

proach the throne of the Dey, in order to receive the prize from the hands of his beautiful daughter, when ſuddenly a comely youth ruſhed forth, offering to fight the proud conqueror. The new comer attracted the notice of the whole aſſembled multitude. His face was covered with a black maſk, and on his ſhield was written with golden characters, "My antagoniſt will have ſufficient time to ſee my face when he is conquered."

"This is Morgan!" was the general exclamation. "It is Morgan!" ſeemed the ſparkling eyes, and the glowing cheeks of the princeſs to ſay.

"Thou art the man whom I have been ſeeking for in vain!" Benharad exclaimed, "I know thee by thy ſhape, in ſpite of thy diſguiſe. Miſerable braggard! if female beauty is to be the prize of valour, then my arm ſhall teach thee who of us is moſt worthy to receive it!" The maſked knight was going to throw his lance at the proud Mauritanian in lieu of an anſwer; however, Benharad got the ſtart of him, darting his lance at his anta-

goniſt, and would have pierced him if he had not ſaved himſelf by a ſudden turn. Benharad's horſe was wounded mortally by the lance of the maſked knight, and fell to the ground.

The motions and looks of the princeſs beſpoke plainly her rapture. Benharad darted up, foaming with rage, and drew his ſword; the maſked knight alighted inſtantly and did the ſame. A furious combat enſued, and after it had been undeciding a long time, Benharad was dangerouſly wounded in his right arm, and carried away by his Eſquires, exhauſted through the loſs of blood. The maſked knight approached the ſteps of the throne, in order to receive the well-earned prize; he received it from the trembling hands of the princeſs, amid the loud acclamations of the ſpectators; however, a death-like general ſilence enſued when the conqueror removed the maſk, and an unknown face ſurpriſed the multitude; for it was not Morgan, but ——— Hiermanſor.

He took advantage of the general ſilence,

silence. "Daughter of the powerful Dey!" he said, "I accept gratefully the prize from your hand; however, I pray that the latter may be the reward of Morgan, for whom I have taken up arms in order to humble his proud rival."

The Dey replied with haughty scorn: "Morgan has no claim to my daughter, nor to the valour of thy arms. Both are the property of other persons."

"And whose property is the hand of your daughter?"

"Benharad's!"

"But did not Benharad himself say that female beauty was to be the prize of valour, and who was conqueror?"

"Neither Benharad nor Morgan! but I am master." So saying, the Dey rose with evident marks of anger.

"Be a father too!" Hiermanfor exclaimed, "thy daughter loves Morgan, and he returns her love; he would have proved to-day by deeds how much he deserves her hand, if the anguish of disappointed love had not confined him to the bed of sickness. Thou hast one time ap-

proved the mutual love of that noble couple, crown now their felicity by thy consent to their union." "Ha! traitor, who presumest to terminate with borrowed arms the differences of other people, who art thou that thou darest to prescribe laws to me?" "Thou shalt soon know who I am." Hiermansor replied with a menacing look, and was going to retire, when the Dey exclaimed in a furious accent: "Guards, seize the traitor, confine him in the darkest dungeon, and to-morrow let him publicly be cast before the lions."

"He was instantly seized and dragged to the prison; however, he had gained his aim, for Benharad's wound appeared to be mortal, and the wedding was postponed.

The day following, I went to the place where the most shocking death awaited Hiermansor. The spot where he was to be devoured by the ravenous beasts was enclosed with a strong iron railing, and surrounded by a numberless crowd of spectators. The Dey himself appeared, in order to satisfy his burning thirst for revenge,

venge by the ſight of that horrible ſpectacle. Hiermanſor was led forth. The lions ſaluted him from their receptacles with a dreadful roaring; however, his countenance beſpoke a firm unſhaſken reſolution, which did not leave him when, on a given ſignal, an iron grate was opened, and a lion whoſe red rolling eyes threatened death and deſtruction, was let looſe. Hiermanſor met his foe unarmed, thruſted his arm between his wide extended jaws, and the lion fell dead to the ground. The Dey grew pale. Hiermanſor turned towards him and ſaid: "thou knoweſt now who I am, do not force me to make *thee* ſenſible of my power; give thy conſent to thy daughter's union with Morgan."

Theſe words, which were pronounced in a menacing accent, provoked the pride of the Dey.

"Let us ſee," ſaid he, "whether thy power can ſtand the teſt." At the ſame time he ordered a ſecond lion to be let looſe upon him. The ferocious animal

darted at Hiermanſor, but ſhared the fate of his comrade.

A general aſtoniſhment ſeized the gazing ſpectators; the Dey left his place in great emotion, and ordered the conqueror of the lions to follow him. He led him to the moſt retired apartment of his palace, and queſtioned him about his power.

"My power," Hiermanſor replied, "has been granted me by Allah in order to curb the pride of the powerful, and to raiſe the oppreſſed ſlave from the duſt. Be adviſed, and unite thy daughter to Morgan."

"Fear alarmed the heart of the Dey, he trembled at the powerful *Unknown*; however, pride and ambition prevailed over his fear. He refuſed to conſent to Hiermanſor's propoſal.

"The latter was going to retire, but the Dey, who ſeemed to apprehend dreadful conſequences from his reſentment, took him kindly by the hand, and ſaid, "One half of my empire is at thy command, only ſuffer me to follow my inclination in this point!"

"Hap-

"Happineſs is the will of Allah—thine to render two human beings miſerable—and one of them is thy daughter."

"She will not be miſerable, the progreſs of time will calm her paſſion; ſhe will forget Morgan."

"Thou art miſtaken. My looks penetrate farther into futurity than thine. Grief will kill her."

"O! thou to whom ſupernatural power has been granted, canſt thou deviſe no means to cure her of that fatal paſſion; for I cannot change my reſolution?"

"Hiermanſor ſeemed to meditate. "I will compoſe a beverage," ſaid he, at length, "that will cure her of her paſſion." The Dey embraced him with marks of rapturous joy. The potion was prepared, the princeſs drank it, and went to bed. The next morning ſhe was found dead.

The intelligence of her death almoſt broke the heart of her father. He tore his ſilver beard, and promiſed immenſe rewards to the phyſicians, if they ſhould be able to rekindle the dormant ſpark of life;

life; but his ravings and his promiſes were fruitleſs; the ſpirit of his daughter ſeemed to have taken its flight to the manſions of eternal reſt.

"Hiermanſor, on whoſe head had been ſet an immenſe price, was ſearched every where, but could not be diſcovered. At length he made his appearance voluntarily. The ſight of him reduced at once the rage of the Dey, who ſtared ſpeechleſs at him. "Thou didſt deſire me," Hiermanſor ſaid, "to cure thy daughter of her paſſion; I have executed thy command. No other means were ſufficient to extirpate her love!" "Return, my child, to me!" exclaimed the Dey: "Return me my child!" "That anguiſh may kill her a ſecond time?" Hiermanſor replied, "No! no! I ſhall leave thee to the conſequences of thy ſtubbornneſs! thou deſerveſt to end thy life childleſs." So ſaying he offered to go, but was ſtopped. "Villainous traitor!" roared the Dey—"the moſt agonizing death ſhall be the puniſhment of thy treachery, and thou ſhalt expire under the moſt excruciating tor-

ments

ments, if thou doſt not inſtantly recal my child to life." Hiermanſor looked at him with cold contempt, and did not deign to return an anſwer. The Dey threw himſelf on his knees, conjuring him with weeping eyes and amid heavy groans to reſuſcitate his child, and offered one half of his kingdom as a reward. "Keep thy kingdom!" ſaid Hiermanſor, "and ſwear a ſolemn oath to marry thy daughter to Morgan, and I will recal her to life!" The whole court was aſſembled, Morgan ſummoned to appear, and the Dey ſwore ſolemnly to marry his daughter to him. Hiermanſor knelt down by the bed of the deceaſed, praying fervently, and then took her by the hand. No ſooner had he touched her than ſhe began to move. The roſes of her cheeks returned, and ſhe opened her eyes in Morgan's arms: the ſight of her lover reſtored her to life and recollection, and the darling of her heart ſeemed ready to die with joy.

"Hiermanſor gazed joyfully at the charming ſcene, which was his work; but when Morgan recovered from his trance,

and

and wanted to thank the author of his bliſs, he retired ſuddenly, and was ſeen no more. The day following the loving pair celebrated the feaſt of eternal union."

Here the king pauſed awhile, in order to let the firſt impreſſion of this extraordinary tale paſs over, and then he continued his narrative.

" My fondneſs for travelling and adventures abated by degrees. The years of youthful ardor were paſſed away. My calling to the throne and the deſire of reviſiting my ſubjects awoke powerfully in my ſoul, particularly when Hiermanſor told me, that already three impoſtors had dared to repreſent my perſon, and to claim the ſway over Port***l. But the very ſame reaſons which ſpurred me to return to my kingdom, were repreſented to me by Hiermanſor as a juſt ground for poſtponing the execution of my deſign. " One would miſtake you for the fourth impoſtor," he ſaid; " or at leaſt the king of Sp**n would leave no ſtone unturned to repreſent you in that light." He adviſed me to wait for a better opportunity,

and to preſerve the ſtricteſt incognito. He then accompanied me to a monaſtery, where he took leave of me with the requeſt to await his return. However, my deſire to reviſit my paternal ſoil and my ſubjects encreaſed every day. I thought Hiermanſor's apprehenſions over anxious. The truth and juſtice of my cauſe I fancied would plead in my behalf, particularly as my perſon was diſtinguiſhed by marks which could not but confirm my aſſertion of being the identical king who was ſuppoſed to have been killed. In ſhort, I conquered every doubt, and travelled towards the confines of my kingdom, without waiting for the arrival of my kind protector.

"Hiermanſor was at that time at Lif**n, the capital of my kingdom, and knew of my deſign, although he was then far diſtant from me. He endeavoured to promote the execution of it, though I had deſerved his reſentment, becauſe I had neglected his advice. With that view he went, in the diſguiſe of a monk, to the Prince of Br****za, in order to perſuade

ſuade him to favour my cauſe; but ſeeing that the Prince ſeemed to be diſinclined to lend his aſſiſtance to the execution of my plan, he waited for a more favourable opportunity of being ſerviceable to me, and ſoon found one. The people had been provoked by the oppreſſion of the king of Sp**n in ſuch a manner, that a conſpiracy was formed and loud complaints were uttered. Hiermanſor, diſguiſed in the garment of a monk, went from place to place, endeavouring to raiſe a kind of religious enthuſiaſm in my behalf, and to enflame the minds of the multitude.

No ſooner had the news of that fermentation penetrated to Ven**e, where I then reſided, than I publicly declared who I was. I was ſummoned before the ſenate, through the inſtigation of the Sp***ſh miniſter, in order to prove the identity of my perſon. I did it in the cleareſt manner, and nevertheleſs was impriſoned three years till my proceſs was finiſhed. Alas! if you knew what artifices my dreadful judges made uſe of to con-

convict me of impoſition, and what means the king of Sp**n employed to ruin me, you would not be able to refuſe me a tear of pity. If I had not revealed ſecrets which I could not poſſibly have known if I had not been the perſon who I really am, if I had been convicted of the leaſt falſehood, and if every circumſtance had not confirmed the truth of my aſſertion, my life would have been loſt inevitably."

"Meanwhile Hiermanſor endeavoured to blow up the fire which he had lighted in the heads and hearts of my people, partly through pamphlets which he had printed and diſperſed among the multitude, and partly by the arts of oral perſuaſion. It was he who cauſed the miraculous bell at Venezuella to be rung, that very bell which was believed to ring from itſelf previouſly to an impending great event which is to happen in the royal family, or the kingdom. In one word, Hiermanſor had left no ſtone unturned to ſtir up my ſubjects in my behalf; he even perſuaded the king of Fr**ce to intercede for me. My judges

not

not being able to reſiſt any longer the loud and powerful interceſſion of thoſe who demanded my liberty, ordered at length the gates of my priſon to be thrown open. It is very ſingular that I was declared innocent, and nevertheleſs baniſhed the territory of the Republic; and not leſs ſingular it is that I was allowed eight days for the preparations for my departure.

"I heſitated ſome days which of the two roads leading to my dominions I ſhould chuſe. Hiermanſor propoſed to me to go by ſea; however, the greateſt number of my friends diſſuaded me from it, and adviſed me to go by way of Fl*****ce. I adopted the latter opinion, and thus delivered myſelf fooliſhly into the hands of my enemies; for I had no ſooner entered the Fl****ine dominions, than I was known, in ſpite of the dreſs of a Dominican friar in which I was diſguiſed, arreſted, and delivered up to the Spaniſh government."

Here the king ſtopped; his countenance was overſpread with a melancholy gloom,

glooom, and the ſad recollection of his misfortunes, ſeemed to overpower him, "O, Hiermanſor!" he reſumed at length, "Heaven has puniſhed me dreadfully for having neglected to follow thy advice; my diſobedience has deprived me of my crown and liberty. O, my benefactor, in vain haſt thou delivered me from the power of my dreadful judges, and paved the road to crown and ſceptre—I have myſelf deſtroyed the work of thy wiſdom!" He could not proceed farther.

I proſtrated myſelf before him, and exclaimed, "O, my Lord and King! your happier days ſhall return once more. Providence has not preſerved your life in vain above a century; your hoary age appears to me to be a pledge of better days. The preſent century will atone for the injuſtice of that which is paſt. Hiermanſor is yet alive, and I can boldly exhort you to repoſe your confidence and hope in him. And if I am deſtined to aſſiſt in rebuilding the ſtructure of your happineſs, I will cheerfully riſk my life for you."

The

The king seemed to be surprised by the enthusiasm with which I pronounced these words; his eyes sparkled with tears of joy. He strained me to his bosom, and his speechless gratitude affected me more than the most animated eloquence would have done. After a long pause of profound silence he resumed at length:

"I will not embitter this happy hour, by enlarging on the misfortunes which have rendered life a burden to me, and besides, the proceedings of the Sp***sh government with regard to me, and the history of the ill treatment which I have experienced, are sufficiently known. Suffice it to say, that I was at length confined in the castle of St. L**ar. O how frequently have I implored heaven to cut the thread of my unhappy life asunder; for what advantage could I derive from the prolongation of an existence which was supported by a little bread and water, and rendered more painful every day by the sad recollection of former greatness and the impossibility of regaining my liberty?"

One

One dark and tempeſtuous night, I had fallen aſleep on my hard couch, borne down with grief and ſorrow, when ſuddenly ſomebody interrupted the grave-like ſilence of my dungeon, by pronouncing my name. I ſtarted up, but the impenetrable darkneſs which ſurrounded me did not allow me to diſcern an object. On my queſtion who it was that had pronounced my name, a ſudden ray of light illuminated my priſon, and Hiermanſor was ſtanding before me with a lanthorn, which had been concealed under his cloak. He unlocked my chains and bade me to follow him. We paſſed the guards without being ſtopped, and I fancied the whole incident to be the deluſion of an happy dream. I was not convinced of the reality of what had happened to me, until we came into the ſtreet. Hiermanſor provided me with a dreſs to diſguiſe my perſon; we haſtened in a poſt-chaiſe which was waiting for us, drove away at a furious rate, and arrived at the frontiers of Port * * * l without being diſcovered. From thence we proceeded to my preſent abode, where Hier-

Hiermanſor left me. By his advice I have aſſumed this garb, under which nobody ſuſpects a king, who generally is believed to rot in the peaceful lap of mother earth, and no perſon except you and my benefactor knows of the ſecret."

"And no one ſhall know it (the Count exclaimed) till the ſhouting multitude, hailing their lawful king, ſhall proclaim it aloud. But does not Hiermanſor viſit you now and then?"

"Never, except when I requeſt his attendance."

The Count and myſelf ſtared alternately at one another, and at the king, ſeized with aſtoniſhment.

"You don't comprehend me!" ſaid the king, "I will ſpeak plainer. Hiermanſor taught me, previous to his departure, a ſecret which always has ſucceeded in the application, though it is a very ſingular one. I kiſs this picture three times, and pronounce ſome myſterious words, upon which Hiermanſor appears inſtantly, whereſoever he be. Only in the twelfth hour of the day and night, I am not allowed

lowed to make uſe of that ſecret. It is now paſt one o'clock, if you will be convinced of the truth of my aſſertion, I will ſummon him hither."

The ſerious mien of the King did not ſuffer us to ſuſpect him being in jeſt, and yet the matter was ſo incredible that it ſeemed to be utterly impoſſible. Whoſe curioſity could have reſiſted ſuch a charm? We begged the king to call him, and he ſtepped before the picture, which was ſuſpended over the altar cloſe to the entrance of the cell. Having looked at it in profound ſilence a long time, he pronounced ſome unknown words, and kiſſed the picture three times. Suddenly a ruſtling noiſe aroſe, the light in the lamp diſappeared and returned alternately, and a voice behind us exclaimed plainly: "What is the pleaſure of your Majeſty?" We turned round, ſeized with wonder and amazement, and ſaw Hiermanſor ſtanding in a corner of the cell, as pale as a corpſe, dreſſed in a black garment, and wrapt in a ſcarlet cloak.

I cannot but confeſs that the ſudden

apparition of the *Unknown*, thrilled me with the ſame awful ſenſations of admiration as his diſappearance in Amelia's apartment. My eyes, which in vain endeavoured to find out an inlet in the little cell through which Hiermanſor could have entered, returned with ſurpriſe to the perſon of that extraordinary, inexplorable being, who after a long pauſe of ſilence moved towards us and repeated his queſtion to the king.

"I have ſummoned thee by the deſire of my gueſts!" replied the latter.

Hiermanſor turned towards me and ſaid, "What reſolution have you taken?"

"To obey blindly your commands!" was my reply.

"Then haſte to Fr**ce. Let nothing interrupt your journey! nothing! mark well what I ſay. Endeavour to enter the reſidence at night, and never appear there in the day time. Pretend to be an Italian Abbe, who intends to ſtay ſome time for the ſake of amuſement, and try to get, through the Count, (pointing at my companion) admittance to the Queen. Your requeſt

requeſt will be granted as ſoon as you ſhall have delivered theſe papers." "He gave me a ſealed packet, and reſumed:—"However I muſt deſire you once more to be circumſpect, and to preſerve the ſtricteſt incognito. Do not enquire for the reaſon of this caution, which I dare not diſcloſe. I only can tell you, that your death will be unavoidable, if the King of Fr***ce, or the Cardinal Rich-***u ſhould diſcover who you are. Don't mind the words and actions of the Queen, farther than they will be connected with your commiſſion. Inſiſt upon your requeſt, that if a rupture between your country and the King of Spain ſhould happen, the Fr**ch government ſhall declare for the former. The Queen, who has a powerful influence upon the government, neither can, nor will refuſe your requeſt. But if ſhe ſhould preſs you to name the new claimant to the crown, take care to acquaint her with the real one."

"But whom ſhall I name?"

"The Duke of Bra***za!"

" Perceiving my aſtoniſhment, he examined me with penetrating looks, and replied after a ſhort pauſe: " You have voluntarily ſurrendered to my power, but you are yet at liberty to retire, provided you ſwear a ſolemn oath never to reveal what you know of the myſtery. But if you mean to perſiſt in your reſolution, then give me your hand as a token of your fidelity."

I gave him my right hand mechanically. He preſſed it vehemently, and ſaid in a ſolemn and ſerious accent, " Now you are mine!" Then his looks were directed to the Count, examining his countenance inquiſitively. My companion caſt his eyes to the ground, the packet trembled in his hand, and he proſtrated himſelf at Hiermanſor's feet. " Whoſoever you be, (he exclaimed) I have miſtaken your perſon. I am cured of my error; and if the ſincereſt repentance can atone for my groſs miſtake, if the ſolemn declaration of my eternal attachment to you can enſure me your forgiveneſs, then I

ſhall

ſhall not be unworthy of your future confidence!"

"Riſe!" exclaimed Hiermanſor with dignity, "I have forgiven your former errors, a proof of which is the commiſſion which I have intruſted to you. Do you think I would confide theſe important papers to a man whom I hate? I have known you theſe many years, though you knew little or nothing of me. If you will ſwear eternal ſecrecy, you alſo ſhall know my plan."

The Count ſwore the oath of eternal ſecrecy, and Hiermanſor continued:

"The hoary royal Hermit is ſupported neither by a powerful army nor foreign allies; his cauſe muſt therefore be placed in the hands of a powerful perſon. I know no man in Port***l who is poſſeſſed of greater authority and power than the Duke of Bra***za. The third part of the kingdom is his property; he is beloved by the multitude, who are deſirous to ſee him mount the throne. The Duke will, conſequently, not find it difficult to wreſt the ſceptre from the king of Sp**n. It

was, indeed, no eafy taſk to perſuade him to join us in our enterprize; however, he has promiſed, at length, to aſſiſt us by his intereſt. The ſecret ſprings of the revolution are already in motion, and as ſoon as he ſhall have wreſted the crown of Port***al from the King of Sp**n, he is to reſtore it publicly to its lawful owner."

"Are you ſure of this ſelf-denial of the Duke of Br****za?"

"I am not uſed to found my plans on uncertainties."—Hiermanſor replied, with marks of diſpleaſure, "I know that you deſpiſe the Duke, but you miſtake his character. His heart is good; the reſt you may confidently leave to my care."

"But what will be the conſequence when the Queen of France ſhall find that ſhe has been deceived, and intereſted herſelf for another perſon? will not her favour be turned to bloody revenge? will not the Fr**ch government declare againſt my country?"

"The reſentment of Fr**ce will come too late. If your country ſhall but have ſhaken off the Spaniſh yoke, and the king gained

gained a firm footing, means then will be found to fruſtrate the menaces of foreign powers. All that we at preſent deſire is, that they may not oppoſe the erection of the ſtructure, for when it ſhall be finiſhed, it will brave by its ſolidity all external attacks. However theſe attacks, very probably, will never happen, for it is entirely indifferent to every foreign power, whether the Duke of Br****za, or any other perſon, who can prove and enforce a juſt title to the crown, keeps poſſeſſion of it. To diminiſh the formidable power of Sp**n, and to check it by a new raiſed rival, is the intereſt of all Europe, and no neighbouring power will diſturb the future owner of the throne of your country in the quiet poſſeſſion of his dignity, no matter whether he be the Duke of Br****za or ſome other perſon. It is therefore not the Duke of Br****za for whom you are going to gain the aſſiſtance of Fr**ce; no, it is your country, for which you have undertaken to intereſt yourſelf. Hol***d, Eng***d, and Sar***ia have been gained over already to

our intereſt, and if Fr**ce joins theſe three powers, then the revolution will be ſecure againſt foreign enemies."

"Give me leave to make one objection: the Queen of Fr**ce is a ſiſter of the king of Sp**n; how can it be expected that ſhe will take our part againſt her own brother?"

"And yet ſhe will, from reaſons which I am not allowed to diſcloſe. Believe me, my Lord, there are incentives more powerful than ſuch a reſolution; nay, occaſions may happen when the intereſt of the blood muſt give way to the intereſt of ſtate policy. Don't you think ſo too?"

"I have ſworn to obey you implicitly."

"That oath only binds your will; you are not deprived of the liberty of thinking."

"But of what uſe can it be to me without the liberty of acting?—I ſacrifice my opinions to your better judgment."

"Then you are determined to depart?"

"With

"With the firſt dawn of day."

"I wiſh you an happy journey; and when you have executed your buſineſs return to Sp**n. At the ſame time you may reſt aſſured that your father never will ſuſpect your engagement, provided you can invent ſome palpable pretence or other to conceal from him your journey to Fr**ce. I have taken ſuch meaſures, that no one except the conſpirators ever can know what you are going to do for the revolution; and even if your actions ſhould tranſpire, yet the whole world would believe you to be not only unconnected with the conſpirators, but alſo the moſt active opponent to the revolution, Yet you will eaſily conceive that every thing depends on the ſtricteſt obedience to the injunctions which I have given you."

"Undoubtedly! you may have the utmoſt reliance on my punctuality."

"You may expect to receive the ſweeteſt reward if you perform your promiſe like a man."

"I claim no other reward but that which I ſhall derive from the conſciouſneſs of having aſſiſted in breaking aſunder the fetters of my country, and reſtoring the hoary royal hermit to his dignity."

"Your ſentiments do honour to your heart, and give you an additional title to the ſweet reward that awaits you, and which will ſatisfy the moſt ardent wiſhes of your heart."

I read the meaning of theſe words in his looks, and he could not but read in my countenance that I comprehended the ſecret ſenſe of his promiſe. He left me abruptly, without ſtaying to witneſs the eruption of ſenſations which made me the happieſt of mortals. The royal hermit, who ſaw him to the door, led us after his return to another cell, where he ſhowed us to our couch.

I laid down, but could not ſleep. My buſy imagination was entirely occupied with the lovely image of my Amelia, and dreams of happineſs which I expected to reap in her arms, according to Hierman-

for's promiſe. The ſweet proſpect which he had opened to me animated my whole nature with new life, and inſpired me with a firm reſolution to do and to ſuffer whatever ſhould fall to my lot. My fancy drew Amelia's enchanting picture with every charm of novelty, the ſcenes of the few hours which I had ſpent in her company, with every force of reality, and the bliſs of futurity, with every variety of ideal enjoyment. In vain did my mind forebode many future impediments; omnipotent love aſſiſted me to conquer boldly every apprehenſion, and Hiermanſor's power raiſed my hope to the higheſt degree of enthuſiaſm. Occupied with theſe ſweet reveries, I fell aſleep againſt morning, and had not ſlept an hour, when the Count came to tell me that it was time to depart. We took leave of our royal hoſt, who parted with us with weeping eyes.

When we arrived at the inn where we had left our ſervant with the chaiſe, he gave me a packet which had been ſent after me by an expreſs. As ſoon as I

opened it, I found the diploma of my ducal dignity, and a letter from my father, of which the following is a copy:

'My dear Son!

'Wherefover thou art, haften to the arms 'of a dying parent, who wifhes to fee and 'to blefs thee once more. I write thefe 'lines with a faint and trembling hand, on 'the brink of eternity, in order to be the 'firft perfon who greets you as Duke of 'Ca*ina. I refigned this dignity to 'you, in the prefence of my whole court, 'as foon as my illnefs grew dangerous, 'and had it proclaimed publicly at Ca*-'ina. Although I fhould recover my 'health, by the grace of God, yet you 'fhall remain Duke, and I

Marquis of Villa*eal."

Whoever has experienced the force of filial love will be able to form an idea of my dreadful diftrefs. When I implicitly promifed the *Unknown* to travel to Fr**e, I certainly could not have thought of the fummons of a dying father; and this cafe had now really happened; the ftrongeft motives which filial duty and gratitude

can enforce, preſſed me to obey the call of my dying parent. What could I do in that diſtreſſing ſituation? return to my father and break the ſolemn oath I had ſworn to the *Unknown?* or continue my journey to Fr**e, and diſobey the juſt command of my dying parent? No one can conceive the dreadful conflict which took place in my afflicted ſoul. I could come to no determination, and felt, for the firſt time, the galling preſſure of the fetters which I had forged myſelf, by that vow of implicit obedience.

I communicated my diſtreſs to the Count, who found my doubts well founded but not indiſſoluble. "In caſes where different duties croſs each other," ſaid he, "not the *heart*, which is a blind and partial guide, but *reaſon* ought to decide, and the latter always will declare for that party which is ſupported by the ſtrongeſt arguments. What motives can you alledge for your returning to your father? Filial love? This ſentiment is a ſacred one; but is your vow to travel to Fr**e leſs ſo? and are not the duties you owe to your coun-

country and your lawful king, two additional important motives which ſpeak loudly for your journey to Fr**e? You ſee for which ſide the greateſt number of motives decides; let us now examine whether the weight of motives inclines the ſcale. For what purpoſe are you to return to the arms of your father? in order to afford him the *pleaſure* of ſeeing you once more, and beſtowing his paternal benediction upon you. For what purpoſe did the *Unknown* ſend you to Fr**e? Was it not for the *benefit* of your country, and the lawful king? What motive is moſt important, that of giving *pleaſure*, or that of being *uſeful?* What duty is moſt preſſing, that of ſatisfying the wiſhes of a *father*, or that of accompliſhing thoſe of one's *country?* But let us now examine the conſequences. If you travel to Fr**e, your father may perhaps die without having ſeen you once more, and this I cannot deny, would be painful to you and to him; however, his grief will be cured by death, and yours by time. But how could you repair the damage which your coun-

country would receive by your return to your father? It is evident that Hiermanſor intends to make uſe of your aſſiſtance as a chief ſpring in the great machine which his wiſdom has compoſed for effecting the reſtoration of the old King, and the releaſe of your country. What would you ſay, if you, by obeying the laſt command of your father, ſhould put a ſtop to, or perhaps entirely undo the motion of the machine? or do you know what an important influence your journey to Fr**ce may have on its motion? It is at leaſt certain that Hiermanſor makes uſe of that journey as a mean of executing the great plan which he has formed; and how much he has it at heart you may conclude from the emphaſis with which he has exhorted you not to ſuffer your journey to be retarded by any thing? you promiſed upon oath to execute your commiſſion faithfully, and now you heſitate whether you ſhall keep or break your promiſe."

"I will keep it! I exclaimed, covered with ſhame. "Yet the powerful influence

of

of filial tenderneſs will excuſe my momentary heſitation."

"Your Grace!" ſaid the Count, taking me kindly by the hand," the ſweeteſt reward awaits you. Do you recollect that promiſe?"

This unexpected turn entirely changed my whole diſpoſition of mind in a moment. I would have travelled to F***e, from motives of duty, but was hurried on by a ſecret charm, which exerciſed a ſweet power over my heart, and made me anxious to execute my commiſſion with all poſſible expedition. All the delightful enchanting pictures of the preceding night crowded again on my imagination; Amelia ſeemed to bid me go to F***e, her image expelled that of my father. I fancied I heard the exhortation of the *Unknown*, of my country and the old King: the voice of honour and love ſilenced that of a dying father; the idea that he perhaps had been the cauſe of my ſeparation from Amelia, that the deed of which he had been accuſed by the apparition might have alienated her heart from

from me, made my blood ferment with additional violence; I had no reſt, and ordered the ſervant to prepare for our departure without delay.

"Not ſo raſh! my Lord!" ſaid the Count, "you cannot obey the commands of your father; however, you ought at leaſt not to offend him. His invitation deſerves an excuſe if you do not accept it."

I was ſenſible of the juſtice of his reproach; however, I could find no pretence which promiſed to juſtify my diſobedience to his command.

"I think I have hit upon ſomething that will do," ſaid the Count after ſome meditation. "I think—but I will go and ſettle every thing—"

So ſaying, he left me abruptly. I could not conceive what he was about.

After half an hour he returned with a ſurgeon:

"You have been thrown off your horſe," he ſaid to me, "and received a violent contuſion on your left arm. This gentleman will atteſt it for the conſidera-

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tion of twenty ducats; you may send the certificate to your father, as a proof that you cannot travel."

I paid the sum to the surgeon, received the certificate, wrote a few lines and sent both to my father.

We settled that in case my father should write a second letter, the surgeon should return an answer in my name, pretending that on account of the inflammation of my arm, he could not allow me to make the least exertion, and keep my father's letter till I should acquaint him by a few lines to what place I should wish to have it sent. An additional present of twenty-five ducats made him promise to execute every thing with the greatest punctuality, and we got in our carriage. "Why," said I, on the road to myself, "why has Hiermanfor selected *me* for this secret embassy, in a country which my father has so frequently and anxiously advised me never to enter? What ground can he have to hope that the Queen will have the kindness for *me* to grant a prayer, the completion of which will prove so detrimental

to

to her brother? For what reaſon has my father cautioned me ſo repeatedly againſt a country, to the centre of which Hierman-ſor allures me by the moſt powerful arguments and promiſes? On what ground does that ſingular man expect me to have ſo much power over the heart of the Queen Regent, whom I never have ſeen, while he on the other ſide endeavours to fill my heart with fear and ſuſpicion, with reſpect to the Regent, who never has ſeen, nor received the leaſt injury from me? What may be the reaſon that the Queen will receive me ſo kindly, while my preſence in the capital is to be kept ſo ſecret from the King and his Prime Miniſter? Has perhaps my father committed a crime againſt the ſtate of Fr**ce? but how could I in that caſe expect to be received favourably by the Queen? Or ariſes the hatred which the Regent entertains againſt our family from private reaſons, and if ſo, why ſhould my father think it ſo neceſſary to conceal them from his ſon? Or ſhould the favour of the Queen and the hatred of the King ariſe from one ſource, will the

the former be obliged to conceal her interview with me from the monarch, from fear of the King, or of the consort of her bed? Did my father conceal from me the real reason of his earnest injunction to beware of the Fr*ch territory from political or domestic motives? Is the favour of the Queen and the hatred of the King confined only to my father, or are they perhaps extended to my person on account of my parent? and if that should be the case, how great and of what a singular nature must the obligations be which the Queen owes to my father, if she shall sacrifice to his son the interest of her brother? How great and singular must be the crime which my father has committed against the King, since the latter will punish the son for it with death! Should perhaps the crime which my father has committed against the Regent form the base of the obligations which the Queen seems to owe to my parent?"—

These questions which I put to myself, in order to unfold so important a mystery, led me to no kind of certainty, but only

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to conjectures which, however, ſoon were deprived of their force by other reflections, for which reaſon I reſolved to check my curioſity till the expected interview with the Queen ſhould put me in a way to develope the myſtery in a more ſatisfactory manner.

Meanwhile we continued our journey with the greateſt expedition; however, the impetuoſity with which we drove cauſed the carriage to be overturned within thirty miles of the frontiers of Fr**ce. I eſcaped without the leaſt injury, but the Count received a violent contuſion on his left arm which obliged him to keep his bed four days, and taught us the diſagreeable truth that impetuoſity leads as ſlowly to the mark as tardineſs.

On the fifth day the impatience of the Count could not be bridled any longer by the arguments of the ſurgeon; he inſiſted upon our departure, and we arrived in Fr**ce againſt midnight.

We continued our journey the night following, and arrived with the firſt dawn of the twelfth day at P***s. The Count went

went that very day to beg an audience of the Queen, and his triumphant looks on his return gave me reaſon to hope he had ſucceeded in his application. His words confirmed the truth of my conjecture: "O! my Lord!" ſaid he, "I have ſeen her, have put the papers in her hand—Heavens! what an amiable woman!—born to be a queen, ſhe needs not the ſhallow aſſiſtance of artificial dignity, in order to inſtill that awe which cannot but ſeize even the ſtrongeſt mind at the ſight of her!—Born to conquer every heart, ſhe knows how to raiſe up to her, by her condeſcending affability, thoſe whom the ſplendor of her greatneſs has ſubjected to her. The ſenſation which prevailed in my heart when I ſtood before her, was a mixture of profound regard and confidence, which, however, made room for the livelieſt joy, when the Queen, after the peruſal of the papers, approached me with a ſiſterly confidence, ſaying, with unſpeakable ſweetneſs: "Dear Count, tell the Duke of Ca**na, that I ſhall be very glad to ſee him, that the King will

go

go into the country to-morrow afternoon, and that I expect your friend at night." Then she told me what measures we are to take in order to escape the vigilance of intruding looks, and dismissed me, having previously made me a present of this ring."

This account raised my curiosity to the highest pitch of impatience. I scarcely could await the night when I was to be introduced to the Queen. My hotel appeared to me a prison, and time to proceed with the tardiness of a snail. At length the wished for hour arrived. It was ten o'clock at night when I went to the park which joins the palace, disguised in the garb of an Italian Abbe. The chief lady of the bed-chamber who was waiting for us at the gate, conducted us through several rows of trees, in order to know whether we were not watched by invisible witnesses, and then directed her steps towards the palace, requesting the Count to await my return behind a thick hedge. Having advanced a few steps, she turned into

into a by walk leading to the walls of the palace, which, on one ſide, were covered with an eſpalier, behind which my conductreſs bade me to follow her. We had not proceeded twenty ſteps when ſhe deſired me to ſtop, making ſome motions againſt the wall, upon which a part of it opened in form of a little gate, through which ſhe puſhed me. There I was received by a ſecond lady, who had been waiting for me with a dark lanthorn, leading me up a narrow ſtaircaſe into an apartment which was faintly lighted.—Then ſhe rung a bell and left me ſuddenly.

I had waited five minutes, and no one came. Undeſcribable emotions agitated my mind. I had waited five minutes more, when at length ſomebody was ſtirring in the next room. A ſecret door was opened, and the Queen appeared on the threſhold, with a light in her hand. My head bowed to her while my heart met her, harrowed by ſtrange ſenſations. Her eye gazed at me a long while, and her wan cheeks aſſumed a crimſon hue.

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"Are you the Duke of Ca*ina?" ſhe ſaid after a long ſilence, with an undeſcribable ſweetneſs, and in a trembling accent. "Yes, I am the Duke of Ca*ina!" was my reply. "Then follow me!" ſhe reſumed. I followed her, and ſhe ſeated herſelf on a ſofa, commanding me to take a ſeat by her ſide. "Give me leave, moſt gracious Queen," ſaid I, bending my knee, "previouſly to addreſs a prayer to your Majeſty, to which nothing but the confidence in the greatneſs of your ſoul, and love for my country, could have emboldened me."

"Not before you riſe and take a ſeat by my ſide!" ſhe replied, raiſing me up.

Her unexpected gracious condeſcenſion, and a certain perplexity which ſhe ſeemed anxious to conceal, confounded me ſo much, that I could not find a proper preamble to my prayer, and yet I had taken ſo much care to prepare myſelf for that occaſion. She relieved me from my confuſion, which ſhe ſeemed not to notice. "Count Clairval," ſaid ſhe, "has

delivered to me, the day before yeſterday, ſome papers which have prepared me for your viſit and prayer."

"Then it will be no ſecret to your Majeſty, that a deſign is carrying on to deliver my oppreſſed country from the tyrannic yoke of Sp**n, and to reſtore the reins of government to the lawful King? I am come, moſt gracious Queen, to implore you in the name of juſtice, to make uſe of your powerful influence in behalf of that undertaking."

"How? I ſhould lend my aſſiſtance to a deſign tending to injure my brother?" So ſaying, ſhe looked at me, not with anger, but with undeſcribable inquiſitiveneſs.

"Moſt gracious Queen! I could——it is——if your Majeſty ——"

"How could you form the deſign to travel hither in order to ſtir up the ſiſter againſt the brother? Dear Duke, you cannot but confeſs that this is rather ſingular. How did this idea come in your head?"

"Is it poſſible your Majeſty ſhould be ignorant of what has prompted me to riſk this

this daring ſtep? Should not the papers which the Count has put in the hands of your Majeſty, have cleared up this point in a ſatisfactory manner?"

"Thoſe papers contain nothing but a previous account of your arrival, of the impending revolution, and proofs of its juſtice. The writer neither has ſigned his name, nor do I know the hand-writing."

This I had not expected, having been confident that Hiermanſor would have diſcovered himſelf to the Queen, in order to ſupport my prayer by his authority. You may therefore eaſily conceive how great my conſternation was, when I ſaw myſelf neceſſitated to enforce, as an utter ſtranger to the court, a prayer which could not but appear to the Queen daring to the higheſt degree. My conſternation was too great to be concealed. "Speak without fear:" ſaid the Queen, with inimitable ſweetneſs. "Tell me without reſerve, who has perſuaded you to take this ſtep."

"An unknown being," I exclaimed, "that has haunted me every where on my travels, has directed all my actions with irreſiſtible power, governs me inviſibly, with equal goodneſs and terror, has ſaved me from a watery grave, and penetrated through the flames in order to ſave the picture of my mother."

A glowing redneſs covered the countenance of the Queen. "Your mother?" ſhe ſtammered, "the picture of your mother?"

"It is a miniature painting, ſet in jewels—"

"Have you got it with you?" ſhe enquired haſtily.

It was in my letter caſe. I took it out of the caſe; ſhe received it with trembling hands, holding it againſt the light, and endeavoured in vain to check the tears which were ſtarting from her eyes; her boſom was heaving violently, as if retaining with difficulty the vehement emotions which ſeemed to be going to burſt forth. She fixed her eyes a long while on the picture in ſilent emotion, as it ſeemed

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to gain time for recovering from the ſtrong effect of ſenſations, the ſource of which, I was unable to divine.

"Is ſhe dead?" ſhe enquired at length, without looking at me.

"She died twelve years ago," I replied, ſighing.

"Your features, dear Duke," ſhe reſumed after a long pauſe, "have no reſemblance with thoſe of this picture; and yet, the originality of the face is ſo remarkable to me, that it would afford me the greateſt pleaſure, if you would give it me."

"If your Majeſty ſhould know how dear it is to me—"

"Well, that will enhance the value it has in my eyes. Whenever I ſhall look at the picture of the mother, I will remember the ſon. I will give you *my* picture, in lieu of it; will you reſign it to me on that condition?"

I bowed reſpectfully, ſhe opened a drawer, putting my picture in it, and took another out of it, which was adorned with jewels much more precious than that of my mother.

"Take it, Duke, and whenever you look at it, think that it is the picture of—a very unhappy woman." So saying, she gave me the picture.

The accent and the mien with which these words were pronounced, wounded my heart. I prostrated myself—"How, amiable Queen, should you really be unhappy? and this pledge of your condescension should be to me a remembrancer of your misfortunes? O, name the source of your sorrows, and if the power of a mortal being can remove it, I will do it with pleasure, will attempt it even at the peril of my life!" So saying, I pressed my lips with vehemence on her hand.

"Rise! the interest which you take in my unhappiness renders me less unfortunate. It will not be in your power to make me happy, though I should be at liberty to unfold a mystery to you which never must be revealed. Rise, Duke!" She stooped to raise me up, her cheek touched my face, and a tremor of joy rambled through my frame. "Take courage!" I exclaimed, "though neither

my

my power nor that of any man living ſhould be able to render you happy, yet I know a perſon who poſſeſſes ſupernatural powers, and I flatter myſelf he will not refuſe to grant my prayers. He ſhall make you happy, my Queen!"

She looked at me with weeping eyes, then up to heaven, and then again at me. "Your prayer," ſhe ſaid at length, "would be fruitleſs; for if an angel would deſcend from heaven to offer me his aſſiſtance, he could not reſtore me to happineſs, while certain human laws and political relations are in force."—

I plainly perceived the dreadful ſtruggles of her ſoul, and it would have been cruel to render her victory more difficult by farther perſuaſions.

I beheld with reſpectful ſilence the workings of her mind; however, ſhe could not but obſerve that I adored her—her looks beſpoke the grateful emotions of her heart.

"You have told me a few minutes ago, that your mother is no more," ſhe began

after a long pauſe. "I hope your father is yet alive?"

"I have little reaſon to think he is."

The Queen turned as pale as a corpſe. "You doubt?" ſhe ſtammered, "you doubt whether your father is alive?"

"A dangerous illneſs which has confined him to his bed, gives me reaſon to apprehend—but what is the matter with your Majeſty?"

"Nothing—nothing at all—A dangerous illneſs, did you ſay?"

"So he has informed me ſome time ſince, by a letter, and requeſted me, at the ſame time, to haſten to his arms, that he might ſee me once more before his death, and give me his bleſſing."

The Queen ſtarted up, and went to another part of the room, as if in ſearch of ſomething, but ſoon came back again:

"He wants to ſee you, and you are *here?*"

"Before I received the letter of my father, I had promiſed to that *Unknown* of whom I have been ſpeaking, that nothing ſhould detain me from travelling to Fr**ce,

Fr***e, and imploring your assistance in behalf of my unhappy country."

"Poor father!" said the Queen, absorbed in melancholy, "how anxiously will he have expected the arrival of his son—I fancy I see the dying Marquis, how he extends his arms in vain to receive the child of his love—"

"Does your Majesty know my father?" I enquired hastily.

She gazed at me. "If I know him?—no!—yes—I saw him several times when at the court of my father—But why do you ask this question?"—Without giving me time to reply, she resumed, "Make haste! make haste, to return to your native country; perhaps he is yet alive—the sight of you will animate him with new strength, he will recover in your arms, and perhaps be restored to health!" The last words she pronounced with a visible joyful emotion.

"Shall I leave your Majesty," I replied, "without having my prayer granted? Is my unhappy country to expect no assistance from a Queen whose sentiments

are so sublime? Is the picture of the best of women to be to me a lasting mark of her favour and displeasure?"

She seemed to meditate. "It is true," she said at length, "we have entirely wandered from your concerns. Did you not tell me that you are haunted every where by an apparition? I too have seen an apparition some time ago. It was the ghost of my departed father, who, at midnight, drew the curtains of my bed, and said, "I am very wretched, my daughter! neither prayers nor masses will give me relief, while Por****l which we have usurped shall be submitted to the Sp***sh sceptre. O! my daughter, if the least spark of filial love is left in thy bosom, if thou wilt relieve me from unspeakable torments, then make use of all thy interest at this court, in order to support the endeavours of those who, at present, are secretly occupied to deliver Por****l from her oppressors. A noble youth will arrive in a few days and implore thy assistance. He is sent from heaven; grant his prayer. He has a mole on his left breast, which

which will be to thee a token of his miſſion."

I ſtarted up. "That youth ſtands before your Majeſty," I exclaimed, uncovering my breaſt, "behold here the mole. O! relieve the ſuffering ſpirit of your father, relieve my country!"

She ſeemed to be in a trance, encircling me with her arms, and ſtraining me to her boſom. "Thy prayer is granted!" ſhe ſaid in a faint accent.—No ſooner had the laſt ſyllable eſcaped her lips, when the ſound of a little bell was heard in the adjoining apartment. She diſengaged herſelf from my neck and ſtarted back. "Gracious heaven!—" ſhe exclaimed pale and trembling, "the King is returned. Begone! for God's ſake begone!"

I was going to obey her command; ſhe ſtopped me: "Never reveal a word of what has happened between ourſelves," ſhe whiſpered; "leave the palace and the kingdom as ſoon as poſſible: beware of the King, I conjure you!"

I proſtrated myſelf and encircled her knees, ſhedding tears of anguiſh; wanted to take leave, but could not utter a ſingle word. The bell in the adjoining apartment was rung a ſecond time; the Queen diſengaged herſelf, ſeized with terror: "make haſte!—flee!—O ſtay!" ſhe exclaimed, when I haſtened to the door, "come back!" She opened her arms to receive me; I flew to her boſom; ſhe imprinted three burning kiſſes on my lips, and hurried into an adjoining apartment.

I do not recollect how I got out of the room. On the ſtaircaſe I obſerved firſt, that the ſame lady who had conducted me to the Queen was walking by my ſide. We returned the ſame way by which I had entered the palace, and I arrived happily at our hotel in the company of the Count.

After I had communicated to him my ſucceſs, I went to my apartment in order to give audience to my thoughts; however I was not able to account for the behaviour of the Queen, and my feelings during

during the whole ſcene. Was it love that I felt for the Queen? certainly not; at at leaſt my ſentiments for her were quite different from thoſe I entertained for Amelia; was it mere eſteem that endeared her ſo much to me? impoſſible!—My heart left me entirely in the dark with reſpect to that point, as well as my reaſon. It is true, *one* particular idea prevailed in my ſoul, however it appeared to me ridiculous, as ſoon as I reflected on other circumſtances. The account which the Queen gave me of the apparition of the ghoſt of her father, completed my confuſion. Was it the work of the *Unknown*, and did ſhe really believe ſhe had ſeen the ghoſt of her father? In that caſe the grant of my prayer was perhaps merely the conſequence of her love for her father, whom ſhe hoped to releaſe thus from his ſufferings; even her tears, embraces, and kiſſes were then nothing elſe but means of alluring me to ſtrain every nerve, in order to bring to a happy concluſion an undertaking, from the execution of which the eternal happineſs of her father depended,

pended. But perhaps—and that, I thought, was not leſs poſſible—has ſhe only invented that apparition in order to prevent me from ſuſpecting the real ſource of her willingneſs to grant my prayer, and her confidential and endearing deportment? Even the manner in which ſhe mentioned the mole on my breaſt, appeared to me an artifice which ſhe might have made uſe of, rather to aſſure herſelf of the identity of my perſon, than of my miſſion from above; and this ſuppoſition received an additional confirmation, by her ſingular behaviour after the diſcovery.—Thus I was wandering in the mazy labyrinth of conjectures and doubts till ſleep ſtole upon me by degrees, and ſhut my heavy eyes.

We left P**is the following night, and directed our road to Sp**n as Hiermanſor had ordered.

I ſtopped a few days at **cia, a hundred miles from the frontiers of Fr**ce, in order to reſt a little from the fatigues of my journey, and received from the bribed ſurgeon a letter from my father, who

who informed me that he was in a fair way of recovery. This welcome intelligence animated me with new life, and diſpelled the gloom which had overcaſt my mind. We continued our journey without delay, and arrived at ***pala, where we alighted at the principal hotel. The firſt object that attracted my attention, was a handſome well dreſſed man, whoſe features ſtruck me at a great diſtance, becauſe I fancied I knew them. He was engaged in cloſe converſation with a tall thin man, and did not obſerve me till I was cloſe by him. My ſudden appearance ſeemed to ſurpriſe him, and the ſight of him produced the ſame effect upon me, for now I perceived that it was Paleſki, Amelia's former valet. He approached me with evident marks of uneaſineſs, and welcomed me in broken accents. I ordered him to follow me to my apartment. The firſt queſtion I put to him, was where Amelia reſided, and how ſhe was. Paleſki lamented that it was not in his power to give me the leaſt information on that head. I inquired after the *Unknown*, and

he

he assured me that he had not seen him since the last scene in the wood. "However," said I, "you still owe me an account of a dreadful accident concerning the *Unknown*, of which you pretended to have been informed on your pilgrimage." Palesky hesitated a few moments, and then promised to satisfy my curiosity the day following, being prevented by business of great importance from doing it on the spot. I dismissed him, with the injunction not to forget to come to my apartment in the evening of the next day. He promised it; however I waited in vain for him, for in his room a Capuchin friar came to my hotel, desiring to speak a few words to me in private. I ordered him to be admitted, and was told by him that Palesky had had a quarrel with some young men, who first had intoxicated and then provoked him; and that he had received some mortal wounds, by which he was confined to his bed at the hospital, where he desired to see me, in order to disclose to me important secrets. The friar offered to conduct me to the hospital,

tal, and I drove thither in anxious expectation.

When I alighted at the gate of the hospital, I met Count Clairval. He seemed to be petrified when he saw me in the company of the friar. "Whither are you going?" he enquired at length. "To Palefki, who is on the brink of eternity." The Count changed colour, and whispered in my ear: "Don't go, the fellow is infected with a contagious diseafe."—"You are miftaken, (was my anfwer) he has been wounded dangerouſly, as his confeſſor tells me." "I have juſt come from him," the Count reſumed with viſible uneaſineſs, "the fever has deranged his head, and he will tell you a number of fooliſh things." "No matter," I replied, "I muſt ſee him, for he has ſent me word that he has important diſcoveries to make." "What can he diſcover to you?" ſaid the Count, "Paleſki has ever been an impoſtor." "This will render his confeſſion on the brink of eternity ſo much the more remarkable. But I muſt not loſe a moment. Farewell, Count, till I ſee

I see you again!" So saying I tore myself from him, and hastened with the friar to Paleski's apartment. When the nurse had left the room, the former said: "you need but to ring the bell, if you should want me, I shall be within hearing."—With these words he went out of the room. Paleski stared at me for some time. The livid colour of death covered his haggard countenance, and the most agonizing anguish of a tormented conscience was strongly painted in his looks. "My Lord!" he at length began, "I owe you a thousand thanks for your condescension; I should undoubtedly have fallen a sacrifice to black despair, if you had refused to give me an opportunity to unfold mysteries to you which lie heavy on my mind."

I took a seat close by the bed, seized with dreadful bodings.

"But, my Lord," he continued, folding his hands, "will you be able to pardon the manifold injuries which you have received from me, if I can convince you that

that I have been only the tool of greater impoſtors."

"Speak frankly, and without reſerve! I will forgive you every thing."

"My Lord!—you are in dreadful hands. That *Unknown*—"

"Who is he?" I interrupted him impatiently.

"*Who* he is, I do not know! as ſure as I am going to appear before the omniſcient ſearcher of hearts, I do not know it. He always has obſerved the greateſt ſecrecy on that head. "I am who I am!" he always replied, when I queſtioned him on that point, "and I never am what I ſeem to be!" Three days before you made your firſt appearance at the caſtle of the Counteſs, he came late at night to the gate, diſguiſed as a beggar, and enquired for me. Suppoſing that he wanted alms, I gave him a piece of money. He raiſed a loud laughter, whilſt he took a handful of ducats out of his pocket, and put them in mine. "This is only a prelude to what I am going to do for you," ſaid he, without paying the leaſt regard to my aſtoniſh-

ment,

ment, "if you will assist me in executing a plan which I have formed, without betraying our connection to the Countess." "And what plan is it?" "It is a very innocent one," he replied, "I wish to work some miracles in the castle, and should be glad if you would assist me." "For what purpose?" "I want to make two people happy," was his reply, "the Countess, and a young nobleman, who will arrive within three days. The Countess abandons herself too much to her grief, on account of her deceased husband, and I know no better means to cure her of it, than to banish the dead husband from her heart by a living lover. As a mediator between the Countess and the young nobleman, I must render myself important to both, and for that purpose I must work miracles; if I succeed in getting the sway over their understanding, then I shall easily make myself master of their hearts." He then asked me whether he could rely upon me, and if the rest of the servants could not be gained by money? I assured him of my readiness to serve him,

and

nd promiſed to attempt the latter, in which I ſucceeded. My fellow ſervants were eaſily bribed, becauſe they were perſuaded that it was a laudable, or at leaſt an innocent undertaking in which they were to be engaged. The cheat which was to be played on you and the Counteſs was believed to be innocent, as it appeared to be a mean of gaining a ſalutary purpoſe. To be brief, I informed the *Unknown* the day following, that all of us were firmly determined to aſſiſt him in the execution of his plan; a reſolution which he again rewarded with a handful of ducats.

"As ſoon as the Counteſs was gone to bed, I introduced the generous ſtranger to my fellow ſervants. He ſoon convinced us that he was no ſtranger in the caſtle; for he knew every apartment, and every corner. "I was acquainted with the Prince of Ge**," he ſaid, "the former poſſeſſor of the caſtle. He was extremely fond of phyſic, and chemiſtry, and his great ſkill in theſe ſciences procured him publicly, the name of a man of great

learn-

learning, and privately that of a forcerer. His rank protected him againſt the fate which would have been the portion of every body elſe, if ſuſpected of ſorcery. He built the caſtle in this foreſt, in order to indulge here, without being interrupted by intruding viſitors, his inclination for phyſical and chemical operations, by means of which he frightened many uninvited gueſts out of the caſtle. The moſt extraordinary tricks he played in the laſt room, on the firſt floor, which is connected by means of a machine, with a ſecret apartment on the ground floor. The latter having neither a door or windows, has very likely not yet been diſcovered by any of the inhabitants of the caſtle. This was really the caſe. The *Unknown* demanded a candle, and requeſted us to follow him. He led us to a wall which we never had noticed. There he took a ſtone out of the floor, put his arm in the opening, and puſhed a part of the wooden wall back. We followed him through the aperture to a ſmall room, where we inſtantly obſerved the machine

of which he had been ſpeaking. It conſiſted of a ſtrong ſpring, which was connected with a large wooden cone, fitted in the ceiling, and faſtened by a bolt. As ſoon as the bolt was puſhed back, and ſomebody placed himſelf on the cone in the upper apartment, the ſpring was preſſed down and the perſon ſunk into the lower apartment, between four poſts, in the joints of which the cone was ſliding down. However as ſoon as one jumped from the cone, the ſpring made it ſnap back by its elaſtic force into its former place. In order to convince us of it, the *Unknown* mounted up to the ceiling upon a ladder which was in the room, and ſuſpended ſome heavy weights to hooks which were faſtened to the under part of the cone, which made it ſlide down as ſoon as he removed the bolt, and was forced up again in its former place, by the elaſtic force of the ſpring, as ſoon as he had taken away the weights. This machine could not be perceived in the upper apartment, the floor of which conſiſted of cubical ſquares, reſembling in

in form, colour and position, the moveable cone to which they seemed to be closely joined.

" Besides this machine, he shewed us a crooked tube, which was fixed to the ceiling, and reached down into the middle of the room. This tube, said the *Unknown*, is in communication with the wall of the upper apartment where it ends in the open jaw of one of the four lions which are standing in the corner of that room. By means of that tube, one can not only hear very distinctly in this room what is spoken in the upper apartment, but one also hears in the upper room equally distinctly what one speaks here, without suspecting from whence the voice proceeds. You know, my Lord, from your own experience how well the *Unknown* knew how to render these machines serviceable to his plan.

" Before the *Unknown* left the castle, he asked me in what apartment the Countess was used to receive strangers ? " In the room," I replied, " contiguous to that in the floor of which the moveable cone is fixed.—

fixed."—He left us with visible marks of satisfaction.

"The next day he came again to the castle, and meeting me at the gate, exclaimed in accents of joy, "To-morrow already we must begin to work miracles. I have invented a plan which cannot miscarry. The young nobleman will come to the castle to-night. Place some lights in the windows of the upper and lower apartments, that he can find his way to the castle, and order the gate to be opened without delay, as soon as you hear him ring the bell. The Countess, who will be gone to bed by that time, cannot see him before to-morrow morning. When you shall have introduced him to her, then you must return to her apartment, after a short interval, and deliver this box and the note which I am going to give you, in the hands of the Countess. If you are asked who has brought it, describe me as you have seen me the first time I came to the castle gate. The young nobleman will be desirous to see and to speak to me, but you must tell him

that I had left the caſtle after the box and the note had been delivered. He will order you to purſue me without delay; however, I will ſave you that trouble, for I ſhall ſtay at the caſtle, and ſurrender to you as ſoon as you ſhall want me. Keep ſome cords ready, which muſt be cut aſunder and ſlightly ſewn again together. With theſe cords you muſt tie me, and charge ſome of the ſervants to conduct me to the Counteſs, pretending that I had refuſed obſtinately to return. Then I ſhall tear the cords aſunder, fly in the adjoining room, and bolt the door after me. Meanwhile you muſt expect me in the lower apartment and unfaſten the bolt beneath the cone, that I may ſink down as ſoon as I ſhall get upon the latter. When the cone ſhall have ſnapt back in its former place, you muſt be ready to faſten it by means of the bolt. When the Counteſs and her gueſt, impatient to ſeize me, ſhall force open the door and find the room empty, they will fancy me to be a ſupernatural being, not being

being acquainted with the ſecret of the machine."

"You know, my Lord, how punctually and ſucceſsfully this deſign has been put in execution. An accident was the cauſe of a ſecond more important plan, the execution of which has not been leſs ſucceſsful. The *Unknown*, who after his diſappearance was liſtening attentively, in the ſecret chamber, heard among other diſcourſes, by means of the tube, the prayer which the Counteſs addreſſed to him on account of the apparition of her deceaſed Lord. He reflected a few minutes on the poſſibility of granting it, and promiſed to ſatisfy her wiſhes. The tube was the channel through which the *Unknown* conveyed his anſwer to the Counteſs."

Seized with aſtoniſhment at Paleſki's narration, and impatient to hear its continuation, I had not interrupted him once; but now I could not refrain any longer from ſpeaking. "Then Amelia is really innocent?" I exclaimed, "and was not privy to the artifices of the *Unknown*?"

"Not in the leaſt!" Paleſki replied, "as I wiſh to be ſaved! The Counteſs is innocent; ſhe has been deceived as well as your Lordſhip, and probably her faith in the ſupernatural power of the *Unknown*, is ſtill as firm as it was then."

This declaration leſſened my anger at having been deceived in ſo villainous a manner, and I begged Paleſki to continue his account.

"Does your Lordſhip recollect all the particulars of the apparitionſcene?"

"Yes! I do."

"Well, then I will explain it to you. On the day previous to the magical farce, the *Unknown* told me that he had gained over to our party the brother-in-law of the Counteſs, who had arrived lately, in order to ſurpriſe Amelia unexpectedly, and promiſed to act the part of the ghoſt—"

"Impoſſible!" I exclaimed, "you muſt be miſtaken. At leaſt you are not ſpeaking of Count Clairval?"

"Yes, the very ſame perſon, who at preſent is your travelling companion."

A chilly

A chilly tremor thrilled through my whole frame; my mind meaſured with a look of horror the time paſt and preſent. I beheld myſelf in the power of two men, one of whom had impoſed upon my heart by means of the maſk of ſincere friendſhip, and the other upon my underſtanding, by diſplaying a ſhew of pretended ſupernatural powers, and both of whom were leagued to work upon my credulity, and to make me run into the greateſt dangers.

"Alas! Paleſki," I exclaimed, after a long pauſe, "how dreadfully have you opened my eyes!"

"Compoſe yourſelf, my Lord, I am ſenſible that my time is very precious, and I have to reveal to you a great deal more. The Count acted the part of the ghoſt, which he could do with ſanguine hopes of ſucceſs, as he reſembles his deceaſed brother in a ſtriking manner. He covered his body with a doe ſkin, which, as well as his face, was painted of a corpſe-like colour. A ſponge filled with a red mixture was concealed betwixt his body

and the doe ſkin, which had five inſciſſures. As ſoon as the clock ſtruck twelve, and the lights were extinguiſhed, the moveable cone was drawn down into the lower apartment, the Count got through the aperture by means of a ladder, and the cone ſnapped again in its former place as ſoon as the ladder was removed. The ſhroud in which the Count was wrapped had been rubbed with a ſpirit that diffuſed a corpſe-like ſmell through the apartment. Whenever the Count gave a ſignal, a flaſh of lightning illuminated the apartment, and you ſaw the pretended ghoſt, who addreſſed the Counteſs in a ſolemn, ſerious manner. The red colour penetrated through the inſciſſures of the doe ſkin as often as the Count preſſed the ſponge.—Having finiſhed his part, he ſtepped back upon the moveable cone, and ſunk down into the lower apartment."

"Unheard of fraud!" I exclaimed, "ſo ſimple, and yet ſo impenetrable—But, Paleſki, can you explain how the lightning and thunder, which was ſo extremely natural, was effected?"

"Both

"Both were produced by two men in the apartment over your head. One ſhook a large round copper plate which the *Unknown* had found in the ſecret chamber, and cauſed the thundering noiſe by its vibrations. The other was ſtanding at the window, and produced the lightning by directing the light of a magic lanthorn in ſuch a manner, that it was received by a large mirror which was ſuſpended oppoſite to the window of the apartment where the ghoſt appeared, in ſuch a manner that it reflected the light into the room, and illuminated the ghoſt, who ſtood in a ſtraight line with the window. The trembling motion in which the mirror was put, gave the illumination the appearance of flaſhes of lightning, which diſappeared as often as the ſhutter of the lanthorn was let down."

"But how did it happen that I did not obſerve the mirror when I looked out of the window?"

"It was faſtened to the branches of an oppoſite tree, while you were at ſupper; however the darkneſs of the night, the

distance of the tree, and the black cloth with which it had been covered till twelve o'clock, had rendered it invisible. Your servant, from whom we carefully concealed our proceedings, had been removed to a distant apartment, where he was amused by a game at cards till midnight had set in."

"But why did the *Unknown* not endeavour to gain him over to his party?"

"We had really been charged by him to attempt it, however he displayed so much fidelity and unshaken attachment to you, that we found it prudent to drop the attempt."

The confirmation of the good opinion which I always had entertained of Pietro's fidelity, gave me so much the more pleasure, because I saw myself so dreadfully mistaken in my opinion of the Count and the *Unknown*.

"I do not know," Paleski continued, "whether the success of the whole design is to be ascribed to the Count or the *Unknown*, the former of whom had taken upon himself the execution, and the latter

the

the regulation and direction of the plot. All of us were enraptured at the ſucceſsful execution of that undertaking; however conſternation ſoon ſtepped in the room of joy, when we perceived the fatal effect which that juggling farce produced on the health of the Counteſs, and we ſhould certainly have betrayed the whole cheat, if the immenſe preſents which the *Unknown* diſtributed, and his ſolemn declaration that he would reſtore the health of the Counteſs, had not ſilenced us."

"Was the illneſs of Amelia really ſo dangerous as I have been told by my ſervant?"

"The accounts we gave him were very much exaggerated by the direction of the *Unknown*, who perſuaded us, that if you had a ſincere love for our lady, it would increaſe with the danger of loſing her. When we aſked him, on your departure, for what reaſon he did not oppoſe it, if he really deſigned to promote your and her ladyſhip's happineſs: he replied, "Your notions of love are very erroneous, if you cannot

ſee my drift. The ſpark which glimmers in their boſoms, muſt be blown up into a blazing flame, by obſtacles and difficulties; a forcible ſeparation of two loving hearts, unites them more firmly."—Even the fictitious account which I gave you of the death of the Counteſs was written by the deſire of the *Unknown*; for he pretended to try the ſtrength of your love, by obſerving the effect which it would produce upon your heart. The intelligence which I gave you of the pretended miraculous reſtoration of the Counteſs was forged, with the deſign to obliterate the impreſſion of the former, and to give you at the ſame time a high notion of the power of the *Unknown*."

"But, certainly, you did not write that letter by his direction?"

"Yes, my Lord, I did."

"And your recantation in the wood near ***n?—

"Was a new cheat."

I gazed at him with aſtoniſhment.

"You will recollect, my Lord, that I told you the *Unknown* had given up all hope

hope of seducing your servant; and yet he stood in need of a man who enjoyed your confidence, in order to be informed by him of all your actions, wishes, and sentiments, and to govern you at his pleasure, by his assistance, without your perceiving it. The Count offered to attempt to get acquainted with you. In order to deceive the keen-sightedness of your tutor, who was a principal obstacle to the execution of his designs, he pretended to join with him in his hatred against the *Unknown*, whom he declared to be an impostor, and thus made your governor believe that he was an unprejudiced honest man. For that very reason he persisted in his declaration, accepted your challenge, and produced the letter by which Amelia had informed him of the particulars of her recovery, and proved *my* letter to be a forgery. He even accused the *Unknown* of acting in concert with me, with the view to remove the most distant suspicion of being connected with either of us. The Count would certainly not have hazarded to push matters so far, if

he had not foreſeen that a ſcene like that which I acted in the wood near ***n would retrieve every thing, and clear the *Unknown* of the ſuſpicion of having acted in concert with me. The event has proved that he had not been miſtaken, and now he thought it ſeaſonable to change the ſcene. Till then the Count had appeared to counteract him, though he had rendered him the moſt important ſervices; but now, thinking to have gained a firm footing in your confidence, he began to declare openly for the *Unknown*. He could eaſily foreſee what a ſeducing effect this ſeeming change of opinion would have upon you. For it was natural you ſhould conceive the idea, that the unfavourable prejudice which the Count had manifeſted againſt the *Unknown*, had been conquered by the reality and greatneſs of his miracles; and ſuppoſing this, you could not but think to have an additional motive for yielding without reſerve to the ſublime notion of the power of the *Unknown*, which you till then frequently had entertained reluctantly. However

ever the Count could not change his tone before the *Unknown* appeared juſtified, as well in his as in your opinion, if he would not expoſe himſelf to the danger of exciting your ſuſpicion, and for that reaſon the farce in the wood near ****n was acted."

"I comprehend you!" ſaid I, grinding my teeth with anger. But what of the farce?"

"It was partly of my, and partly of the Count's invention. I had kept myſelf concealed in the wood of ****n, ſome days previous to that farce, and carefully conſulted with the Count, what I ſhould do and ſay in your preſence. We fixed on purpoſe on an evening on which we had juſt reaſon to expect a thunderſtorm, in order to give the whole ſcene more ſolemnity. We choſe an unfrequented, ſolitary ſpot of the wood, for the ſcene of action, where I diſguiſed myſelf in the ruins of an old houſe, and awaited your arrival without being obſerved. I painted my face with a light yellow, and my feet with a red colour,

and

and rushed from my ambush with loud screams, as soon as I saw you at a distance."

"You dropped senseless to the ground, and behaved like a maniac; what view had you by doing so?"

"I only wanted to strengthen the impression of my tale."

"You pretended to see the *Unknown*; was he really not far off, or did you only deceive me?"

"It was mere deception, for he was then many miles distant from ****n."

"But what you told me of the hermit was true? or was it also a preconcerted tale?"

He was prevented from returning an answer by a sudden fainting fit, which probably was the consequence of his having talked too much. I rang the bell for the nurse, and retired with the intention of hearing the next morning the continuation of Paleski's confession. A nameless sensation thrilled my whole frame when I went home. I wished and dreaded to find the Count at our hotel, being enraptured at the

the idea of treating the unmaſked impoſtor with that humiliating contempt which he ſo well deſerved; but ſhuddering at the thirſt for revenge which I felt in my boſom, and that animated me to take a ſatisfaction, againſt which, my good genius warned me. However, to my and his fortune, he was not at home. He had, as Pietro told me, taken ſome papers out of his trunk, during my abſence, and left the houſe ſuddenly. The evening and the night paſſed without his being returned, and he was not come back in the morning when I went to the hoſpital."

I entered Paleſki's apartment, burning with impatience to hear his farther diſcoveries. But, alas! he was on the brink of eternity, and died a few minutes after my arrival.

I would have given worlds if I could have prolonged the life of this man only for a few hours. His relation had thrown a light only over a part of my myſterious hiſtory, and a far greater part was ſtill ſurrounded with impenetrable darkneſs. I have never been ſo ſenſible how much more

more painful half satisfied curiosity is, than utter ignorance, or the most dreadful certainty. How much did I now repent that I had not interrogated Palesky the day before, on the fate of my tutor, Amelia's sentiments for me and her abode. The *Unknown* had indeed given me very flattering hopes, with regard to these dear people; however, what reliance could I have on the promises of an impostor? Entirely left to myself, I was obliged to leave it to some fortunate accident, or to his generosity, whether I ever should have the happiness of meeting them again? Frail hope! and yet it was my only support in my friendless, distressing situation, the only prop on which I could lean. Being in a world to which I was almost an utter stranger, without a friend or guide, surrounded with the invisible snares of two impostors, threatened by an uncertain, and gloomy futurity, I readily gave myself up to the sweet ideas of possibility, in order to console myself for the melancholic reality.

Two

Two days were now elapſed, and the Count was not yet returned, which confirmed my apprehenſions that he had fled. A look at his trunk ſuggeſted a thought to me which I could not ſhake off; the conſequence was, that I opened it with a maſter-key, with an intention to ſearch whether I could not find ſome papers, which would throw a light upon ſeveral dark parts of my hiſtory. I found indeed a number of letters, however, they were written in cyphers. Now I comprehended why the Count had aſked repeatedly whether I could read cyphers? Having made it a rule, in regard to this point, always to deny the queſtion, he had probably left theſe writings on the ſuppoſition that I ſhould not be able to read them, and ſaved only thoſe which were written in common characters. However, the Count had deceived himſelf this time, for I am pretty well ſkilled in the art of decyphering. I took one of the papers which were marked 1. 2. 3. &c. &c. however, I perceived on the firſt attempt, that my art would encounter a hard trial.

Yet

Yet this did not deter, but rather animated me to exert all my ſkill to find the key to theſe papers, while my ſervant was occupied with taking an exact copy of the reſt."

I had already been working above twenty-four hours without ſeeing my labour crowned with ſucceſs, when my ſervant, whom I had ſent to the poſt, returned with a letter. Conceive my aſtoniſhment, when I found it was from the Count."

'Whatever Paleſki may have diſcovered to your Grace, with reſpect to me, yet I am aſſured that he cannot have ſaid any thing for which my conſcience condemns me, though I ſhould not be able to defend it before an eccleſiaſtical, or a civil court of juſtice. I have deceived you; however, I have done it for a great and noble purpoſe, and by order of a powerful being, whoſe authority I and you acknowledge. I ſhould deſpiſe myſelf, if mean, or ſelf-intereſted views, could have prompted me to do what I have done. To ſtimulate you to take an active part in the delivery of your country, was the ſole reaſon for

'which

'which you have been impoſed upon. 'Although Paleſki ſhould not have diſ-'cloſed the ſecret to you, yet you would 'not have remained in the dark much 'longer, becauſe it was the plan of the '*Unknown* to remove the veil from your 'eyes, and to introduce you into a new 'world, for which you was to be pre-'pared by the deluſions which you have 'experienced. Man is led to truth by 'error, according to an eternal law of na-'ture. It was neceſſary that you ſhould 'be made acquainted with deluſions, that 'your look might be ſharpened for future 'knowledge; it was neceſſary you ſhould 'experience the higheſt degree of delu-'ſion, that you might acquire the prero-'gative of diſcerning fraud from reality, 'and of never ſuffering yourſelf to be 'impoſed upon again. Then, and not 'ſooner, the time would have arrived, 'when the *Unknown* would have ſhown 'himſelf to you in his real ſhape, and em-'braced you not only as a preſerver of 'your country, but alſo as a member of 'that ſacred ſociety of wiſe men, who are

'admit-

'admitted behind the curtain of nature,
'whither no eye of common ſhort-ſighted
'men can penetrate. A power and a hap-
'pineſs of which you can form no ade-
'quate notion, would have been your re-
'ward. Your tutor already enjoys that
'reward, and if you had been keen-ſighted
'enough to penetrate, without aſſiſtance,
'the miſt of deluſions with which you have
'been encompaſſed, you would have
'been admitted ſome time ſince to the
'ſanctuary where that reward awaits you.
'More I dare not ſay at preſent; how-
'ever, I would adviſe you not to poſt-
'pone your journey, and neither to be-
'tray me or the *Unknown*. If you ſlight
'my advice, then you muſt aſcribe to
'yourſelf all the bad conſequences which
'may ariſe from it, and you never will
'meet again in this world your tutor or
'Amelia. I conjure you not to miſtake
'this for a new deluſion. If you, on the
'other ſide, are inclined to profit by this
'advice, you will continue your journey
'with all poſſible expedition, and not
'think it finiſhed before you ſhall be ar-
rived

'rived at Ma***d, the capital of Sp**n. 'you will meet the *Unknown*, Amelia and 'your tutor, on the road. At *ubea you 'will ſtop at the inn which bears the ſign 'of the golden mirror, where you are to 'receive an important viſit. You will 'have the goodneſs to ſend my trunk to 'the poſt-houſe, where one of my people 'will call for it. I remain, with that 'reſpect and love with which I always 'have been,

'Your Grace's &c. &c.

I muſt confeſs, I never ſhould have expected *ſuch* a letter. I fancied it would be couched in terms of repentance and ſubmiſſion, and when I opened it, found it to be a letter of a man of good conſcience, who took it upon himſelf to adviſe and to warn me. What he told me of a hidden ſanctuary to which the *Unknown* had deſigned to introduce me after I ſhould have completed my time of probation, was an utter riddle to me, but what he told me about my tutor was ſtill more ſo. At firſt I fancied this to be nothing

thing but a varnish, by which he would conceal his deceptions, and an artifice to ensnare me a second time; however the idea that the matter *might* be as he had stated it, made me uneasy, and his menaces with respect to the bad consequences of my discontinuing my journey, frightened me. The bare possibility of the execution of his threats, was sufficient to determine me to continue my journey.—Pietro, my faithful servant, endeavoured indeed to persuade me to drop my design assailing me with tears and prayers; however nothing could change my resolution. I would have encountered any danger and difficulty in order to meet Amelia and my tutor again, and departed with the first dawn of day. I left the Count's trunk at the post-house at **zin. At ***jelo I was, at length, so fortunate as to find a key to the cyphers which I had despaired to unfold. I had already tried all languages which I was master of, and succeeded at length with the latin. How amply did I think my trouble rewarded, when I found the papers to be copies of

letters

letters which the *Unknown* had wrote on my account to Pinto Ribeiro, privy counſellor of the Duke of Br****za. Here follows the tranſlation :

'Your Excellency knows how carefully we endeavoured to conceal the place of our ſecret meetings from the intruſion of prying ſtrangers, by ſpreading the report that it was haunted. However, this did not deter a young nobleman who is on his travels, from entering laſt night the caſtle, in company of his tutor, with the intention of forming an acquaintance with the ghoſts. No ſooner had we been informed of their being arrived at the caſtle, when Georgio de M**** offered to chaſtiſe them for their inquiſitiveneſs, fixing twelve o'clock at night for the execution of his deſign. He diſguiſed himſelf as the moſt dreadful ſpectre which ever has appeared at midnight. Concluding from the undertaking of the two ſtrangers that they were men of ſpirit and reſolution, he put on a coat of mail, and covered his face with a maſk made of bull-ſkins,

'in

'in order to be proof againſt ſwords and 'piſtols; a precaution which, as the event 'proved, was not ſuperfluous. Thus 'accoutred, he approached at twelve 'o'clock the apartment of the ſtrangers 'with a tremendous noiſe, Their door 'was bolted from within as he had appre-'hended; however, all the locks and 'bolts in the caſtle being conſtructed in 'ſuch a manner that they can be opened 'from without, Georgio found it not dif-'ficult to puſh their door open. I re-'mained at the threſhold in order to 'await the event.' Georgio no ſooner had 'entered the room with a deſign to chaſ-'tiſe the young man who was ſitting near 'the window, at a table on which two 'candles were burning, than his tutor 'ſtarted up, aiming a blow at him from 'behind which would have done his buſi-'neſs at once, if Georgio had not been 'protected by his coat of mail. The 'pretended ſpectre threw the old gentle-'man ſo violently on the ground that he 'was unable to move a limb. This ſight 'entirely diſconcerted the young man,

'who was on the point of firing a piſtol at 'his frightful viſitor, ruſhed upon him 'with a thundering voice, extinguiſhed 'the candles, and beating him in ſuch a 'manner as if he was going to beat him to 'atoms. Georgio's dreſs being anointed 'with a ſalve compoſed of phoſphorus, he 'appeared in the dark, to be all on fire. 'The dreadful impreſſion which this ſight 'produced on the mind of the young man 'was encreaſed by the howling, groaning, 'and the tremendous noiſe which ſome of 'our company raiſed in the apartment 'over his head; he ſeemed to be ſenſe-'leſs. As ſoon as Georgio perceived his 'helpleſs ſtate, he lighted the candles with 'phoſphorus, and left the apartment which 'he carefully bolted and locked.

'An hour after this ſcene had been 'acted, Georgio returned to the apart-'ment, partly with the intention of ſeeing 'what effect the incident had produced 'the ſtrangers, and partly with a view 'to deter them from paying a ſe-'cond viſit to the caſtle, and renewed 'the former ſcene. Both of them were

'again ſtretched ſenſeleſs on their beds.
'As ſoon as Georgio had done with the
'young nobleman, he left the room with-
'out kindling the taper, for fear of being
'watched by the young ſpark, if he ſhould
'recover his recollection a little too ſoon.
'He was not miſtaken. But who would
'have thought that the young man would
'be ſo daring to purſue the ſpectre on his
'return through the dark paſſage? Geor-
'gio, who did not entertain the moſt
'diſtant idea of ſuch an attempt, neither
'looked back, nor ſhut the trap-door
'through which he had jumped down into
'the ſubterraneous vault, upon a heap of
'hay and ſtraw. He had not advanced
'four ſteps, when the report of a piſtol
're-echoed through the ſubterraneous
'fabric. Some of our company, who
'were at hand, haſtened to the ſpot from
'whence the report of the piſtol had pro-
'ceeded, wrapt in black cloaks, and pro-
'vided with torches and ſwords. They
'found the young man lying upon the
'ſtraw upon which he had fallen in the
'dark through the trap-door. He was

'inſtantly

'inſtantly ſeized and conducted to the 'aſſembly-room, where the conſpirators, 'who had previouſly maſked their faces, 'were ſitting around a long table. Hear-'ing that he was to pay with his life for 'his raſhneſs, he drew his ſword, but was 'ſoon diſarmed and confined in an ad-'joining chamber.

'Conceive our aſtoniſhment, when we 'heard who the man was whom we had 'handled in ſuch a dreadful manner! It 'was Miguel, the ſon of the Duke of 'C****na, and Count ***ez, his tu-'tor. Moſt of the conſpirators pro-'poſed to diſpatch both of them, leſt our 'ſecret ſhould be betrayed; I inſiſted 'however upon their being examined 'before any thing ſhould be determined, 'to which they conſented. Miguel con-'feſſed that he had been ſent by his father 'to viſit the principle towns of Europe in 'company of his tutor, and that the ac-'count of the prieſt at whoſe houſe he had 'ſupped, had made him curious to have a 'ſight of the inhabitants of the caſtle.— 'Their examination being finiſhed, they

'were ordered to retire, and I harrangued 'the assembly in the following manner:

'You expect to avoid a discovery by 'destroying our prisoners; however, I 'believe just the contrary will happen. 'The servant, the priest, and his family, 'know that they have spent the night at 'the castle, and if they do not return to-'day, the whole village will be alarmed. 'The old Duke will be informed of the 'incident, and who can seriously expect 'that he will be so credulous as to 'attribute the death of his son to ghosts. 'His life is too important to the father 'and the state, not to cause the strict-'est investigation. The castle will be 'surrounded, searched, and we shall be 'detected, or obliged to save ourselves by 'flight. In either instance, we must leave 'the castle. This will be the natural 'consequence, and the death of these two 'men will certainly be the surest means of 'betraying our asylum. I would there-'fore advise you to spare their lives, 'I know the family of Villa R***l too 'well, to apprehend the least danger

'from

'from the execution of this propoſal. 'Miguel and Count ***rez, are men of 'honour, and if they pledge their word to 'conceal the events of this night we ſhall 'be ſafe. However, this is not the ſole 'reaſon for which I would adviſe you to 'ſpare their lives; I have a more import- 'ant view at heart; I intend to gain 'Miguel over to our party. He ſhall 'become a principal actor in the great 'drama which we are going to perform, 'and untwiſt the knot which we have 'tied. You are aſtoniſhed? however, I 'would have you to recollect that I am 'not wont to attempt what I am not ſure 'to be able to perform. I will tell you 'my plan more at large, at ſome other 'time; at preſent let us demand an oath 'of ſecrecy from our priſoners and ſet 'them at liberty.

'My propoſal was adopted, and I ſat 'inſtantly down to inform your Excel- 'lency of that incident.'

I ſhould never have believed the *Unknown* to be the writer of this letter, if

I had not been convinced of it by the other papers. I had always looked upon my adventure at the caſtle, as a ſcene which I thought to have been cloſed with the recovery of our liberty, and entirely unconnected with the ſubſequent events of my life. I had not entertained the moſt diſtant ſuſpicion that the reſt of my adventures were any ways connected with that incident. I ſuſpected indeed, from the beginning, the maſked perſons at the caſtle to be men of high rank, however, I ſhould never have thought that they were the heads of the conſpiracy which had been formed to ſet my country at liberty. I fancied the *Unknown* had framed his deſign upon me when we met him in the diſguiſe of a beggar; but I never dreamed that he had formed it already at the caſtle, and that I and my tutor owed our lives to his mediation. You may, therefore, eaſily conceive how much I was ſurpriſed at this diſcovery. I vowed never to forget how much we were indebted to the *Unknown*. How remarkable was this letter

to

to me! however the ſecond was ſtill more ſo.

'I intend to ſubmit Miguel to my will 'by the deluſions of magic. Your excel- 'lency perhaps may think, that this plan 'will be rendered abortive by a young 'man who gives ſo little credit to the re- 'ality of apparitions, that he dares to take 'up his night's lodging at a caſtle which 'is famed for being the haunt of ghoſts. 'However, even if I ſhould ſuppoſe that 'he had no other view in his viſit to the 'caſtle, than to encounter an adventure, 'yet I muſt conclude from that ſtep that 'he has a tendency for enthuſiaſm, which, 'however, is very different from that 'which I want him to have; yet enthuſi- 'aſm, however it may diſplay itſelf, is 'always enthuſiaſm; and the only thing 'I have to aim at is to give it a turn 'moſt conſiſtent with my plan, which will 'be no difficult matter with a young man 'of his temper, his thirſt for knowledge, 'and unſtable principles.

'Certainly it would be a great miſtake, 'if one ſhould conclude from his viſit to 'the caſtle, that he does not believe in 'the reality of apparitions. On the con- 'trary, I think I have reaſon to make 'juſt the oppoſite concluſion from it. If 'Miguel had been convinced of the va- 'nity of apparitions before he came to the 'caſtle, he would not have taken the 'trouble of acquiring that conviction 'by experience; a ſecret voice, which, 'in ſpite of his philoſophy, pleaded for 'the poſſibility of apparitions, excited his 'curioſity, and gave riſe to that reſolu- 'tion which he carried into execution. 'If Miguel had been convinced, that the 'inhabitants of the caſtle could be no 'other beings but men, his reſorting to 'the caſtle would have been not only ſu- 'perfluous, but alſo fool-hardy, as he 'would have expoſed his life to unknown 'and ſuſpected people, for no other rea- 'ſon but to convince himſelf of a truth 'which he already knew. However, his 'want of a firm conviction, his wavering 'between belief and unbelief, was the

'ground

'ground on which he riſked ſo much in 'order to come to the truth. I am cer- 'tain Miguel's philoſophy would have re- 'ceived a mortal blow, if Gregorio had 'acted his part with more moderation.

'It will be my chief, and, I hope, no 'fruitleſs aim, to effect this by means of 'magical deluſions and art. If I can but 'gain ſo much advantage over Miguel, 'that he, from want of capacity to explain 'my deeds naturally, ſhall begin to think 'me gifted with ſupernatural power, then 'he will ſuffer himſelf to be entirely ruled 'by me. His thirſt for knowledge, and 'his fondneſs of adventures, will aſſiſt me 'to gain my aim, which would be a diffi- 'cult matter, if he were of a different 'turn of mind. In order to enthral his 'head and heart at one time, I intend to 'make him acquainted with a female en- 'thuſiaſt, who has been prompted by the 'extraordinary incidents of her life, to 'believe in wonders and apparitions of 'all kinds. Enthuſiaſm is catching, and 'particularly ſo, if the enthuſiaſt is ſuch 'a beautiful and charming woman as the

'Counteſs of Clairval. In her company 'Miguel will eaſily become an enthuſiaſt, 'who will be equally capable of ſeeing 'ghoſts, and ſtaking his life for his miſ-'treſs and his country. If that point is 'but gained, then I ſhall find it eaſy work 'to lead him with rapidity to the mark. '*All arguments of philoſophy and patriotiſm 'never would be able to gain him ſo decidedly 'and ſo rapidly to our party, as the word of 'a man whom he fancies to poſſeſs ſupernatu-'ral power, and to have been ſent from above.* 'I ſhall think it my duty to account to 'your excellency for every important 'ſtep I ſhall take in this matter, becauſe 'your being the ſoul of our undertaking, 'renders it neceſſary you ſhould be in-'formed of every action of each indivi-'dual member, in order to regulate your 'conduct accordingly. I only beg not 'to acquaint the Archbiſhop of L*ſbon 'of my magical operations. Your Ex-'cellency is no ſtranger to his rigid prin-'ciples; how active ſoever he be in our 'cauſe, and how great ſoever his ſatisfac-'tion at the conqueſt of Miguel will be,

'yet he would condemn without mercy the 'means by which I intend to gain him 'over to our party. My own heart would 'certainly reproach me severely for the 'fraud which I am going to commit against 'that excellent young man, if the import-'ant end which I am aiming at, did not 'plead my excuse, and I was not firmly 'resolved to open the eyes of the deluded 'man, as soon as I shall have gained my 'purpose.

'I am, &c. &c. &c.'

The last lines confirmed the declaration of the Count, that the *Unknown* would have removed himself the veil from my eyes. But this did not justify him in my opinion. Though he should have destroyed the delusion at some future period, was I on that account less imposed upon while the deceit lasted, and can ever low and illicit means be ennobled by laudable views?—However, I cannot deny that the sagacity with which the *Unknown* had explored my weak side, the

dextrous uſe he made of that diſcovery, and the fineſſe of the artifices which he employed to deceive me, excited my admiration to the higheſt degree; but at the ſame time, I muſt confeſs, that I was ſeverely vexed at the eaſe with which my philoſophy yielded to his deluſive artifices. I was very agreeably ſurpriſed to find that the Archbiſhop of L*ſbon was one of the conſpirators. I knew him very well, and it flattered my pride to have a ſhare in an undertaking in which a divine of his worth and uncommon learning was concerned. His rigid principles, which the *Unknown* dreaded ſo much, were to me the beſt ſecurity for the juſtneſs of his undertaking. I took up the third letter, burning with an impatient deſire to know the names of the reſt of the conſpirators; but its contents were of a different nature:

'I have made my firſt attack upon Mi-
'guel and his tutor. Knowing by their
'own declaration on their examination,
'which road they intended to take, I
made

'made haſte to get the ſtart of them, ac-
'companied by my two ſervants, and
'waited for them at the ſkirts of the fo-
'reſt of ***ulano, three miles diſtant
'from the next town. Wiſhing to make
'a ſurpriſing and laſting impreſſion upon
'their mind, I choſe the moſt whimſical
'dreſs. An old tattered coat, which was
'compoſed of numberleſs patches, and a
'new embroidered ſatin waiſtcoat, which
'reached down to my knees, gave me a
'very ſinglar appearance; the reſt of my
'body was naked. I had faſtened to my
'chin a long artificial white beard, which
'accorded very little with my black hair.
'As ſoon as Miguel's chaiſe came to the
'ſpot where I was lying in ambuſh, I
'limped forth upon my crutches and beg-
'ged the tutor to give me his ſhoes and
'ſtockings. It would have highly amuſed
'your Excellency if you had ſeen the
'aſtoniſhment which my unexpected bold-
'neſs created. The old gentleman ſeemed
'at firſt to be very unwilling to comply
'with my extraordinary requeſt, how-
'ever, when I perſiſted in my prayer

'with

'with the impudence of an experienced 'beggar, without minding his menaces 'and curſes, and did not ſtir from the 'window of the coach; he condeſcended 'at length to grant my requeſt. When 'he ſtooped down to unfaſten his ſhoe-'buckles, I perceived a letter-caſe, lying 'by his ſide on the ſeat, which he proba-'bly had pulled out of his pocket with his 'handkerchief, and taking with one hand 'his ſhoes and ſtockings, I ſeized with 'the other the letter caſe, without his per-'ceiving it, and put it in my pocket. 'Then I went to Miguel, whom I beg-'ged to give me his coat and breeches. 'This new requeſt excited the anger of 'the two travellers to ſuch a degree, that 'they commanded me to take myſelf off 'without delay. Upon which I looked 'at Miguel with ſparkling eyes, and raiſed 'ſuch a dreadful laughter, that they were 'frightened, and ordered the coachman to 'go on. However, I darted ſuddenly 'forth and ſtruck one of the horſes ſo vio-'lently againſt his privy parts, that he 'dropped down. This had the deſired

'effect,

'effect. Miguel began to undreſs; having pulled off his breeches, he took his 'purſe out of the pocket and put in a coat 'which the ſervant had taken out of his 'travelling trunk; however, I eſpied a 'proper opportunity while Miguel was 'putting on a new pair of breeches, and 'pilfered his purſe. When they had done 'dreſſing and undreſſing, I thanked them 'for their donation, warning them at the 'ſame time not to take lodging at the prin-'cipal inn of the town, and to repair again 'after three days, at a fixed hour, to the 'ſame ſpot where we then were. Then I 'hobbled with my booty towards the fo-'reſt, where I contemplated piece after 'piece with more ſatisfaction than a gene-'ral feels after a gained battle. And in-'deed, although the deed I had performed 'was not of the heroic kind, yet it was 'no trifling action to have demanded and 'received of the ſon of a Duke his coat 'and breeches, and of a Count his ſhoes 'and ſtockings, armed with no other wea-'pon but my crutches, and dreſſed in the 'garments of a miſerable beggar. Every

'one

'one muſt confeſs that this attempt would 'never have ſucceeded, if an uncommon 'degree of reſolution, boldneſs, firmneſs, 'and preſence of mind had not been at 'my command, not to mention the ſeiſure 'of the letter-caſe and Miguel's purſe, 'which every pick-pocket would have ef-'fected with equal ſucceſs. However, 'this action is for Miguel and his tutor, of 'no leſs importance than the former. I 'have gained a great advantage, my firſt 'interview with them having been attend-'ed with incidents which, for many rea-'ſons, will make a deep impreſſion on their 'mind. I have now the courage to riſk 'bolder attempts with the certain hope of 'ſucceſs. Even the conſpirators to whom 'I have ſent by one of my ſervants the 'pieces of dreſs which I have got, along 'with a brief account of my taking poſſeſ-'ſion of them, will look upon theſe tro-'phies as pledges of far greater victories 'which I have engaged to gain over Mi-'guel, and for which every preparation 'has been made. I did not without rea-'ſon ſelect the ſpot on the ſkirts of the

'foreſt

'foreſt of ***ulano for the ſcene of
'action, for in that foreſt ſtands a caſ-
'tle which formerly belonged to the
'Prince of Ge***, and at preſent is in-
'habited by the Counteſs of Clairval,
'that enthuſiaſt of whom I have given a
'deſcription to your Excellency in my
'laſt letter. I intend to allure Miguel to
'her reſidence, when he ſhall come to
'the place of rendezvous. And he cer-
'tainly will not miſs the appointment;
'for if he does not come out of curioſity,
'the hope of regaining the purſe and the
'letter-caſe, which he knows to be in my
'poſſeſſion, will make him keep the aſſigna-
'tion. And I ſhall certainly reſtore theſe
'things to him, for I wiſh to appear to
'him to be an extraordinary man, but
'not a pick-pocket; however, he ſhall re-
'ceive them no where but at the caſtle of
'the Counteſs. I have formed a plan to
'that purpoſe which promiſes to be of
'important conſequences, and ſhall be
'laid before your Excellency in my next
'letter.

'It

'It was alſo not without proper reaſon, 'that I adviſed Miguel not to lodge at 'the principal inn of the town, for I 'wanted to know, by his regarding or 'diſregarding this caution, whether my 'words had made an impreſſion on his 'mind, and found credit with him or not. 'For that reaſon I went in the duſk of 'evening to the town, accompanied by 'my ſervant, and dreſſed in a common 'unſuſpected garb, taking apartments at 'the inn againſt which I had cautioned 'him, in order to know whether he had 'followed my advice. But alas! I have 'been rather too ſanguine in my hope, 'for Miguel and his tutor are at preſent 'in that very inn: however, I will puniſh 'him for it in ſuch a manner, that he 'ſhall have reaſon to repent his having 'ſlighted my advice. With that view I 'have taken an apartment cloſe by his, 'and I muſt beg your Excellency to give 'me leave to lay down the pen and to 'act, for midnight is ſet in, and the time 'for executing my plan is at hand.

'I am, &c. &c.'

The

The following ſheet contained the continuation of this letter.

'Wonderful things have happened 'ſince I had the honour to write to your 'Excellency! My deſigns have a rapid 'ſucceſs, and fortune herſelf ſeems to 'favour them. I had formed a plan to 'chaſtiſe Miguel and his tutor for their 'diſobedience; however, the execution 'of this deſign has been interrupted by 'an accident, which has aſſiſted me to 'gain my aim in a more glorious manner 'than I ever could have expected. I had 'already put on the garb of a monk, 'which I had brought with me in my 'portmanteau, had faſtened the white 'beard (which however had been almoſt 'fet on fire by the candle) to my chin, 'and was going to execute my plan, when 'a ſudden alarm of fire diſturbed the 'houſe. The preſſing danger not allowing me to change my dreſs, I effected 'my eſcape in my diſguiſe, and concealing 'my portmanteau which I had fortunately 'ſaved in a remote corner, I took with 'my ſervant a poſition which rendered

it

'it impoſſible for Miguel and his tutor to 'get out of the houſe without my ſeeing 'it. However my anxiety roſe to the 'higheſt degree, when the fire had con- 'ſumed already the greateſt part of the 'houſe, and Miguel was ſtill in it. My 'apprehenſions had reached the higheſt 'ſummit, when I ſuddenly ſaw him and 'his tutor ruſh out of the burning build- 'ing. My ſervant, whom I had ordered 'to watch carefully every word and mo- 'tion of theirs, was cloſe at their heels, 'while I followed him at a ſmall diſtance, 'concealing my face with my hood. They 'had no ſooner ſtopped, than Miguel re- 'collected that he had left the picture of 'his mother upon the table; he valued 'it ſo high, that he would have gone back 'to fetch it, if his tutor had not retained 'him forcibly. My ſervant, who gave 'me this intelligence, ſuffered himſelf to 'be perſuaded by his love for me, and 'the ten ducats which I offered to him, 'to attempt ſaving it. Pretending to aſ- 'ſiſt in extinguiſhing the flames, he re- 'queſted one of the firemen to give him

'a wet

'a wet blanket, wrapped himself in it, got 'safe into the house, went to Miguel's 'apartment, seized the picture, which was 'lying upon the table, and jumped out 'of the window, which was not higher 'than one pair of stairs, in order to avoid 'the dangerous retreat through the house. 'He pushed through the multitude, who 'were loudly admiring his boldness, and 'gave me the picture. I returned it to 'Miguel, reproaching him severely for 'having slighted my advice. He was 'astonished, and looked alternately at me 'and the picture. I espied a favourable 'opportunity, concealed myself behind 'my servant; and stooping down, untied 'my beard, and pulled off my monk's 'garb unobserved by the multitude, whose 'attention was entirely taken up by the 'fire. I could not help laughing when 'Miguel, after he had gazed some time 'at the picture, took my servant by the 'arm, mistaking him for me, and perceiv-'ing his error, enquired in vain all around 'for me, though I was not six steps distant 'from him.

'These

'These events could not fail to strengthen the first impression which I had made upon him in the disguise of a beggar, and to make him believe that I could be nothing less than a soothsayer, and a worker of miracles. This was just what I wanted, for it increased his desire to get better acquainted with me, and made him impatient to meet me the third day at the appointed place.

'Your Excellency may easily think that I was not idle during this interval, and did not omit to make the proper preparations for Miguel's reception. My principal care was to gain the servants of the Countess, to whose house I intended to introduce him, that I might act my part at the castle without the knowledge of the lady. At the same time I endeavoured to attain a thorough knowledge of all the roads and bye paths, of all the bushes and haunts of the forest, in order to regulate my measures accordingly, and to take advantage of them as circumstances should require. I also did not omit to train my substi-

'tutes

'tutes properly, for their reſpective parts 'which they were to act. Their number 'amounted to eight experienced fellows, 'for my ſervant Manuel, whom I had diſ-'patched to the deſolated caſtle, with the 'abovementioned pieces of dreſs, re-'turned on the ſecond day with ſix more 'people, whom the conſpirators had ſent 'to my aſſiſtance, with the aſſurance that 'I could rely upon their fidelity and acti-'vity. And, indeed, theſe fellows ren-'dered me the moſt eſſential ſervices, as 'the conſequence will ſhew.

'I muſt not omit mentioning (en paſ-'ſant) a comical adventure which happen-'ed to me in the courſe of theſe three 'days. Taking a walk through the 'ſuburbs, I chanced to meet two vaga-'bonds who pretended to be necro-'mancers. I ſuffered myſelf to be per-'ſuaded to follow them to their garret, 'where they performed a conjuration 'amid the moſt antic grimaces and cere-'monies. I beheld their comedy with an 'affectation of great ſerioufneſs; but 'when the ghoſt appeared, I could not

'diſ-

'dissemble any longer, and broke out in a 'loud laughter. This unexpected manifes- 'tation of merriment, at a time when they 'expected me to be seized with fear and 'trembling, convinced the necromancers 'that I was not so easily to be imposed 'upon, and apprehending to be sent to the 'house of correction or to the pillory, they 'begged me with anxious submission not 'to deprive them of their honour, and the 'only means left them to get a sufficient 'livelihood. Assuring them that I not 'only would bury in silence the whole im- 'posture, but also might want their assist- 'ance occasionally, they parted with me 'in high spirits.—

'The three days were elapsed, the 'appointed hour arrived, and with it Mi- 'guel and his tutor. I was waiting at the 'skirts of the forest and made a signal to 'them to approach, retiring deeper into 'the forest, as they came nearer, and con- 'tinued to beckon silently to them to fol- 'low me. Having proceeded to a con- 'siderable distance, and still walking brisk- 'ly onward without uttering a word, the

'tutor

'the tutor called to me to declare whither
'I intended to conduct them? However
'I purſued my way without returning
'an anſwer, and continued to beckon to
'them to follow me. This raiſed their
'anger, as I had expected, and Miguel
'darted after me like lightning; however
'I pulled off my coat, flung my crutches
'upon the ground, and winged my ſteps.
'Being almoſt entirely diſencumbered of
'garments, and well acquainted with every
'inch of the foreſt, I got not only the
'ſtart of my purſuer, but alſo had the
'advantage to run with more eaſe than
'him, and could conceal myſelf every
'now and then in the buſhes, and re-ap-
'pear in an oppoſite direction. I conti-
'nued to look frequently back after Mi-
'guel, and as often as I perceived his
'ardor of purſuing me began to cool, I
'ſuffered him to gain ground, which re-
'kindled his hope of catching me at laſt,
'and thus kept him in conſtant motion.
'I prolonged my way, taking great rounds,
'and running conſtantly in a ſerpentine
'line, in order to tire the tutor, and to

'make the ſervants loſe our traces, in 'which I ſucceeded with the ſetting in 'of night. However, Miguel ſeemed now 'ſeriouſly inclined to return. As ſoon 'as I perceived his intention, I took a 'ſhort cloak, which was anointed with a 'ſalve of phoſphorus out of my pocket, 'threw it over my ſhoulders, and got 'upon one of the lower branches of a 'tree, ſtruggling as if I had entangled 'myſelf accidentally in the twigs, and 'could not extricate myſelf. My lucid 'cloak made Miguel take notice of that 'ſpectacle, and he darted towards the 'tree with the rapidity of the tempeſt, not 'doubting to get me in his power; how-'ever I diſappointed him again, leaping 'upon the ground, and taking to my 'heels. Enraged at this new deception, 'and ſeduced by the light of my cloak, 'Miguel began again to run after me, till 'at length I took the cloak from my 'ſhoulders, putting it in my pocket, and 'concealed myſelf in a thicket without 'being perceived by him.

'Now

'Now I had gained my aim, having 'reached the ſpot where my eight myrmi-'dons expected us. They ſurrounded 'him entirely, leaving only the front 'open. He called in vain to his tutor 'and ſervant; in vain did he accuſe him-'ſelf of having committed a fooliſh ac-'tion; it was too late! he flung himſelf 'upon the ground in a kind of deſpair. 'One of my people who was near him 'began to ſtir; Miguel ſtarted up, but 'obſerving no body, he again ſat down. 'However his inviſible guard began again 'to ſtir a little time after; Miguel roſe 'and purſued his way, after he had drawn 'his ſword.

'It was now entirely dark, and a vio-'lent tempeſt aroſe, which gave my peo-'ple an opportunity to follow him within 'a ſmall diſtance, without being either 'heard or ſeen. They, at the ſame time, 'imitated the roaring of wild beaſts in ſuch 'a natural manner, that Miguel began to 'run with all his might, hurried onward 'by dreadful terror. The roaring re-'ſounded behind him, at his left and his

'right, and consequently he had no other 'way left open for flight than in front, 'and this was what I wanted, because this 'was the way which led to the castle of 'the Countess. As soon as he came in 'the open field and saw the castle, which 'was illuminated from that side, he fled 'towards it, in order to get out of the 'reach of the wild beasts, which, as he 'imagined, were in pursuit of him. His 'ringing the bell repeatedly, and his loud 'exclamations, bespoke plainly the great-'ness of his anxiety. The porter, who was 'previously informed of his arrival, opened 'the gate and admitted him. As soon as 'Miguel had reached the castle, I or-'dered my people to go in search of his 'tutor, but not to awaken him if they 'should find him asleep, and to give me 'notice of it. I intended to terrify, and 'to make him respect my power, for I 'could not forget that he had slighted my 'caution with regard to the inn. Ma-'nuel discovered him first, and informed 'me of it. As soon as the rest of my 'people were returned to the place of

'rendezvous, we went to the ſpot where
'he was ſleeping. There I ordered the
'ſix fellows whom the conſpirators had
'ſent me, to diſperſe themſelves among
'the buſhes, and to attack the tutor and
'his ſervant with their poniards as ſoon
'as they ſhould riſe, yet without endan-
'gering their life, enjoining them parti-
'cularly to ſpare the tutor, and to run
'away with ſigns of terror as ſoon as I
'ſhould appear. However the mock attack
'would have had ſerious conſequences in
'ſpite of my precaution, if I had not
'come in time; for the tutor and the ſer-
'vant, who were armed with cutlaſſes,
'defended themſelves in ſuch a furious
'manner, that the fight very ſoon grew
'hotter than I intended it ſhould. I
'ruſhed therefore forth from my lurking
'place, in order to put an end to the
'combat. The countenance of the tutor
'beſpoke gratitude and aſtoniſhment when
'he ſaw the ſix fellows run howling away
'as ſoon as I appeared. "Return to town
'(ſaid I) for now you are ſafe!" Having
'pronounced theſe words, I left him ſud-

'denly, becauſe I did not chuſe to con-
'verſe with him.

'I adviſed him not without reaſon to
'return to town, for if he had continued
'his wanderings through the foreſt, he
'might have diſcovered the caſtle of the
'Counteſs, and inquired for Miguel,
'which I thought very ſuperfluous. Your
'Excellency will, perhaps, be deſirous
'to know how Miguel fared at the caſtle?
'I ſhall, therefore, not omit to give you
'a ſatisfactory account of it in my next
'letter, &c. &c. &c.

In the following ſheets I found a circumſtantial deſcription of all the tricks of which Paleſki already had informed me. In order to avoid needleſs repetitions, I ſhall therefore tranſcribe only thoſe paſſages which throw a light upon things of which Paleſki had told me nothing, probably becauſe he was not privy to them.

'—If I am not miſtaken in Miguel's
'character, he will be preſent at the ap-
'parition which I have promiſed to the
'Coun-

'Counteſs. I confeſs that I anxiouſly 'wiſh he may, and that I have made 'that promiſe to Amelia principally on 'his account. In order to prepare him 'for the apparition, I have ſent Manuel 'to the two necromancers whom I have 'mentioned in my laſt letter, to deſire 'them to wait for Miguel not far from the 'ſkirts of the foreſt, and to perſuade him 'to ſee one of their juggling farces. I 'have ordered my ſervant to give them 'an accurate deſcription of his perſon 'and dreſs, that they may not miſs him. 'I reaſoned thus: If theſe fellows ſuc-'ceed in deceiving him, he will not only 'be prepared for the ſcene which I am 'going to act at the caſtle, but at the 'ſame time he will be more impatient to 'witneſs it; if they do not ſucceed, and 'Miguel diſcovers the cheat, he will be 'ſo much the more inclined to take the 'deception which I am preparing for him, 'for ſterling truth, becauſe he will not 'be able to penetrate the fine-ſpun web 'of it; and believe it to be ſupernatural, becauſe his philoſophy and experience

'are not sufficient to explain it in a natural manner.--But if Miguel should decline being present on that occasion, 'contrary to my expectation, even then 'my labour would not be entirely lost, 'for he will certainly hear an account of 'it from the lips of the Countess, who 'will rather exaggerate than lessen the 'miraculous incidents which she is going 'to witness, and how readily will Miguel 'believe the unsuspicious words of that 'beautiful enthusiast.————Triumph! 'Miguel and his tutor have witnessed 'the apparition scene at the castle. The 'Countess herself has accomplished my 'most anxious wishes without knowing 'it, and invited them to be present on 'that occasion. It is a remarkable instance of the contradictions of the female heart, that the very lady who was 'so desirous to see her deceased husband, 'was seized with such an horror at it on 'the day when her anxious desire was to 'be satisfied, that, without paying the 'least regard to female delicacy, she wrote 'a letter of invitation to Miguel. How

'glad

'glad was I on the receipt of that intelli-
'gence, that I had omitted nothing in the
'preparation for that ſcene, that can con-
'found even the moſt acute genius, and
'give to deluſions the greateſt appearance
'of truth! Count Clairval acted the part
'of his deceaſed brother.—Your Excel-
'lency knows that fine acute genius, who
'by the intricate incidents of his life, and
'a long ſeries of experience of all kinds,
'and his own reflections, has acquired the
'capacity of undertaking any thing with
'ſucceſs——who eMI dfahrIqlqms hmrf
'cgtTml. mgsrlm. FschypSr. hlnyhs:
'rpqvbs. grbn. ſtbC--BvnmD lgſtzmm.
'nflm. Fortunately he was not above
'thirty miles diſtance from the caſtle; I
'ſent a ſervant on horſeback for him. He
'could not refuſe my requeſt, becauſe
'nrm..Bvndrgn hglgs: tbt: ggrmm..hlt.
'tseTs....Crsth: pssrs: tfgn. InsnM.
'bttr. — —."

'I have tranſcribed theſe words which I could not decypher, only becauſe a a more ſkilful genius than myſelf may find the key to them. The ſame cyphers

occurred ſeveral times in the remaining ſheets, and my incapacity to decypher them was the more painful to me, becauſe I had reaſon to think that they contain ſecrets of great importance.

Of the following letter only the concluſion deſerves to be tranſcribed.

'I am firmly convinced, that in Miguel's and Amelia's heart a paſſion has taken riſe, which ſoon will burſt out in blazing flames; the preſent which he has made her of a ring of great value, which ſhe has accepted, his looks at table, Amelia's extraordinary kindneſs for him, and his conſternation on account of her illneſs, are inconteſtible proofs of the truth of this obſervation. How much ſoever this mutual paſſion coincides with my plan, becauſe it furniſhes me with infallible means to allure the inconſtant, fickle Miguel, yet I muſt make haſte to interrupt this growing paſſion, becauſe I am afraid he will be enſlaved ſo much by that enchanting lady, that he will be rendered unfit for matters of greater importance.

'For

'For that reaſon I have inſtructed the 'apparition to utter a few words, which I 'could foreſee would cauſe a ſmall breach 'between the two lovers. Your Excel-'lency will recollect that the ghoſt ac-'cuſed Miguel's father of being his mur-'derer. By theſe means, I hope to put 'at leaſt a temporary ſtop to Miguel's 'and Amelia's growing intimacy; for it 'cannot be expected that the ſon of the 'ſuppoſed murderer of the Count will 'dare to pay his addreſſes to his widow; 'and if he ſhould, it is to be expected that 'ſhe will decline admitting his viſits, or at 'leaſt, treat him with coolneſs and re-'ſerve. However this miſunderſtanding 'would not be of long duration, for on 'cloſe examination, both would find 'themſelves deceived by the appari-'tion, and their love would gain addi-'tional force. For that reaſon I have 'wrote a preſſing letter to Miguel's father, 'without ſubſcribing my name, and ad-'viſed him to order his ſon to continue his 'travels without delay, that he might be 'cured of a fooliſh paſſion which he had

'for

'for the Counteſs of Barbis. I hope this 'letter will have the deſired effect; and I 'will keep myſelf in readineſs to follow 'Miguel every where with my myrmi-'dons; for my plan requires that I never 'ſhould loſe ſight of him.'

The following letter is ſo important that I muſt inſert it at full length:

'My Lord,

'You have accuſed me in your letter 'from the twelfth of this month, of hav-'ing acted equally diſhoneſt and impru-'dent, by ſuffering the Count, when diſ-'guiſed as a ſpectre, to ſay an untruth, 'which injures the honour of an innocent 'man, and if ever diſcovered by his ſon 'or the Counteſs, will brand him and my-'ſelf as impoſtors. I could have pre-'vented theſe ſevere reproaches of your 'Excellency, if I had been at leiſure to 'explain this matter at large in my laſt 'letter. Firſt you will give me leave to 'obſerve, that the declaration of the ghoſt

'is

'is no untruth, but only an oracle, the 'duplicity to which beings of that kind 'are much addicted. Amelia's husband 'has really been assassinated by order of 'the man whom Miguel calls father; 'however, that person is not his parent, 'but only the preserver of his life; in 'short, it is Vasconcellos' Secretary of State 'at L**b*n, who has saved Miguel's life 'when a boy, and for that reason is called 'by him his second father. This man the 'ghost had in view, and of course has 'spoken the truth, but only has been mis-'understood. This misunderstanding pro-'duced the accidental, and if your Excel-'lency will give me leave to add—the sa-'lutary consequence of separating Miguel 'and the Countess. Fearing, however, 'the accusation of the ghost might pro-'duce fatal consequences for the Mar-'quis of Villa R*al, and Amelia be 'tempted to revenge the death of her 'Lord, the ghost took the precaution to 'add, "be generous and forgive my mur-'derer."—The honour of the Marquis, 'which properly has received no injury

'from

'from the declaration of the ghoſt, but only 'from the miſunderſtanding, ſhall, I vow 'ſolemnly, receive ample ſatisfaction. I 'have it myſelf too much at heart that 'the Counteſs and Miguel ſhall know 'the real murderer of Amelia's huſ-'band, not to remove that error; be-'ing deſirous to ſee the good under-'ſtanding of the two lovers reſtored at 'ſome future period, and the aſſaſſin pu-'niſhed for his numberleſs crimes. You 'have ſigned the ſentence which the reſt 'of the conſpirators have pronounced 'againſt this oppreſſor of the liberty of 'your country, with the full conviction of 'his deſerving death; but would not 'Miguel look upon him rather as his be-'nefactor and preſerver of his life, than 'as an enemy to his native country, and 'prompted by gratitude and pity, endea-'vour to ſave his life? However, if he 'ſhall be informed that the preſerver 'of his life is not only the oppreſſor of his 'native country, but alſo the aſſaſſin of 'Amelia's Lord, then his love for the 'Counteſs will give an additional energy

'to

'to his patriotism, and silence his grati-
'tude for Vas*****los; then the voice of
'his country and of the beloved of his
'heart, demanding revenge upon the vil-
'lain, will silence the voice of his heart
'imploring his mercy; he will sacrifice the
'devoted victim to justice, at the expence
'of his sensibility, and consent to Vascon-
'***los's death. Not in vain did I intro-
'duce the apparition in such a rueful
'shape, not in vain instruct it to display
'the bleeding wounds, and to discover his
'horrid assassination! even the coolest
'observer would have been inflamed
'violently by that scene, and how vehe-
'mently must it have provoked the lover
'of the unfortunate lady to resentment
'against the murderer? Your Excellency
'will consequently easily conceive what
'my second secret aim was, which I de-
'signed to attain by the apparition, and, at
'the same time, be convinced that I have
'exposed neither the ghost nor myself to
'the danger of being caught in a *lie*, al-
'though Amelia and Miguel should dis-
'cover that the murderer was not the real

'father of the latter. However, this dif-
'covery could not take place, becauſe
'Miguel has ceaſed viſiting the Counteſs,
'and received orders from his father to
'leave, without delay, the caſtle and its
'environs. Amelia's ſervants have drawn
'this grateful intelligence from his ſer-
'vant, and communicated it to me, upon
'which I put myſelf and my people in
'readineſs to follow Miguel on the day of
'his departure, partly on horſeback, and
'partly in coaches. To the valet of the
'Counteſs, who is entirely in my intereſt,
'I have given ſome important orders,
'which I intend to communicate at large
'in my next letter.'

I was already arrived at *ubia, and accommodated with a lodging at the inn which the Count had pointed out to me, when I finiſhed the decyphering of this letter. Night had ſet in, and I was muſing on the important viſit which the Count had promiſed me, when I heard the rolling of a coach, which ſtopped under my window. A few moments after my ſervant came to inform

inform me that an Iriſh captain, whoſe name was Dromley, wanted to ſpeak to me. The word Iriſh chilled the very marrow of my bones—"Let him come in!" ſaid I, turning my face from the ſervant, to conceal from him the emotions which muſt have been painted in every feature. I ſtepped to the window in order to recover myſelf a little: the door was flung open, and an officer in a blue uniform entered the room—I advanced two ſteps to meet him, and ſaw the *Unknown* ſtanding before me. The ſight of him made me ſpeechleſs. "You will be ſurpriſed, my Lord! to ſee me here," ſaid he, "however the concerns of your heart are of ſo much importance to me, that nothing could deter me from paying you a viſit." Here he ſtopped. Not one ſyllable eſcaped my lips. He looked at me with ſeeming unconcern, advanced a ſtep nearer, and reſumed in a ſoft winning accent, "My Lord! you love the beautiful Counteſs Clairval! however, you would love her in vain, if my power had not removed every obſtacle, and enſured you her reciprocal love."

Now

Now I had recovered the power of utterance. "Then you have informed her," I exclaimed, "that her Lord has not been aſſaſſinated by my real father?"

The Iriſhman ſeemed to be ſtruck with ſurpriſe, examining inquiſitively my looks, and after a ſhort pauſe, continued in a firmer accent: "It was my duty to make this diſcovery to Amelia; however, it would never have been ſufficient to procure you her reciprocal love, if I had not done ſomething which was not my duty."

"*What* have you done? My notions of your actions have been confounded ſo much, that I cannot thank you before hand."

"Thank!" he replied haughtily, "as if I ever had done any thing for the ſake of thanks! In order to ſave you that trouble, I will not tell you what I have done for you."

The ſtrain in which he ſpoke confounded me. I returned no anſwer.

"However, I muſt caution you," he continued, "not to repreſent me to the Coun-

Counteſs as an impoſtor, if you do not wiſh to deſtroy the effect of the ſervice which I have done you. You will be convinced at ſome future period how neceſſary it is for your own happineſs not ſlight this advice."

"If I am to enjoy the happineſs which you have prepared for me, I muſt firſt know the reſidence of Amelia."

"Not before you have pledged your honour to follow my advice."

"Should I ſuffer Amelia to be impoſed upon like myſelf; ſhould I owe her love to a deluſion?"

"Who has told you that I have impoſed upon the Counteſs? You do not know as yet what I have done; it would therefore be juſt not to condemn me before-hand, as you refuſe to thank me before-hand for what I have done!"

"I judge of an action of yours which I do not know, from your former actions, which I know very well, at preſent. Can you call this unjuſt?"

"This

" This concluſion is at leaſt premature. Every plan ought to be adapted to the exiſting circumſtances, and every action fitted to the plan; therefore, as ſoon as the circumſtances and the plan are changed, one ought not to judge of the preſent actions from the preceding ones."

" I do not comprehend you completely."

" You have been tried by deluſions; however the time of probation is paſt; the deluſions have made room for the dawn of truth, which is riſing in your mind."

" Who has authoriſed you to try me?"

" Who has authoriſed me to ſave you from the waves?"

" Why this queſtion inſtead of an anſwer?"

" To tell you that every body is authoriſed to be uſeful to another perſon, without his knowledge and permiſſion."

" I hope you will not make me believe that you have deceived me in order to promote my happineſs!"

" If

" If deluſions are leading to truth, then they are undoubtedly means of promoting happineſs."

" Indeed! According to my notions, *real* happineſs never can be founded upon deluſion, as truth never can originate from error. Deluſions and errors are obſtacles on the road to happineſs and truth, but never will be the means of promoting them.

" Then you muſt blame nature for acting after a plan entirely appoſite to your notions. Has ſhe not made imagination, that mother of illuſion, the ſource of unſpeakable pleaſures. It is imagination alone that can afford what reality never can give—never ſatiated enjoyment. Imagination preſerves, renews and improves every pleaſure of the ſenſes—What elſe but imagination is the ſource of the pureſt and moſt ſublime raptures of love? Or do you perhaps think that the perceptions which we receive through our ſenſes are free of illuſion, that we are never deceived by the organs which nature has given us? Your ideas would be juſt if

we

we could know by means of our ſenſes, the objects themſelves, and not merely their appearances; the eſſential ſubſtance, and not merely the ſuperficies of things; however, as our ſenſes never ſhew us the thing itſelf, but only its exterior appearance, the reality of ſenſible perceptions is always very ſuſpicious. And ſince, from our ſenſible perceptions, even our plaineſt notions are abſtracted, one muſt either doubt the certainty of logical arguments, or allow that illuſions are the path leading to truth. Common experience teaches us, that one improves in knowledge by committing errors. It is as incontrovertible that error precedes truth, as it cannot be denied that darkneſs precedes the light. If therefore nature herſelf leads man to truth and happineſs by way of deluſions and errors, then you cannot blame me for having endeavoured to lead you to that mark by the ſame road."

"But to what ſort of happineſs and truth? for no real happineſs, and no pure truth can exiſt, if all our perceptions and notions are founded on illuſions."

"You

"You are miſtaken, my Lord, they really exiſt; however they differ widely from what men generally believe to be truth and happineſs."

"Then you are going to make me acquainted with a new kind of happineſs and truth, and to lead me to uncommon light by the common road of illuſion?"

"Man muſt be treated in a human manner, and improve by degrees. A ſudden tranſition from twilight to the radiant glare of the noon-tide ſun, from the land of ſweet fancies to pure paradiſiacal bliſs, would tranſport the ſon of duſt beyond himſelf. For that reaſon, it was requiſite you ſhould experience all the intermediate degrees of illuſion, but not of an ordinary one, in order to obtain poſſeſſion of an extraordinary treaſure. That ſpot, where you will find the taliſman which breaks the magic charm whereby the treaſure is withheld from you as yet, is the higheſt pinnacle of illuſion, and for that very reaſon the laſt degree of it. He who has happily arrived at it,

emerges

emerges from the mazy labyrinth of enchantments, beholds a new heaven and a new earth, and, as if new created, ſtrides over into the kingdom of unadulterated truth and bliſs; where he enters the ſacred porch of that eternal temple from which only the grave ſeparates him."

"I do not entirely comprehend your emblematical language; will you explain yourſelf more at large?" So ſaying, I offered him a chair; we ſat down, and he began:

"The hiſtory of all ages and nations convinces us that all men ſtrive to be happy: but only the better and nobler part of mankind are in purſuit of truth; not as if the latter ſort did not alſo contend for happineſs, but becauſe they find it in the contemplation of truth, and do not believe that happineſs can exiſt, without being founded on the baſe of truth. The former claſs purſue happineſs on different and oppoſite roads, and when they fancy they have found it, embrace an airy phantom; the latter claſs alſo go in purſuit of truth on different and oppoſite roads,

roads, and when they fancy they have discovered it, are enraptured at an *ignis fatuus*. Some of them perceive at last that they are deceived by illusions, and others do not. The former continue their pursuit by the road which they have once fallen in with, and finding nothing but new phantoms and new illusions, spread at length the rumour, that no real happiness and truth could be met with here below. But suppose a man of an extraordinary genius, who had been firmly convinced that this treasure can be found here below, should have attempted to go in search of it through uncommon and never trodden paths, and at length, after enormous deviations, which on the unbeaten paths he pursued could not be avoided, should have found truth and happiness in their natural purity and sisterly union, and entrusted the secret to his friends under the condition to communicate it only to a few, and not even to them till they should have been tried by uncommon delusions of different kinds, like himself; would you then forgive me,

my Lord, if I had deceived you with that view?"

"Then I ſhould not owe you forgiveneſs, but gratitude. But as the time of probation (according to your own declaration) is paſt, will you not be ſo good as to let me ſee only a few rays of that light, the full ſplendor of which I am going to behold."

"I have orders not to diſcloſe the ſecret to you before the liberation of your country ſhall be accompliſhed."

"Then my probationary time is not yet finiſhed?"

"The time of deluſion is paſt, and you are now to begin the epocha of acting for which the former was deſigned to prepare you. Strain every nerve to deliver your country, and the laſt trial will be finiſhed."

"How can I ſave my country?"

"At M***d you ſhall be informed of it."

"I am going to depart for that town to-morrow morning."

"At

"At ****, twelve miles from hence, you may ſtop for a ſhort time—but mark well, only for a ſhort time. You will meet Amelia there—

"Amelia?"

"And will find her differently diſpoſed from what ſhe would have been without my interference."

"What do you mean by that?"

"The Counteſs has vowed to be faithful unto death to the man of her heart. She has frequently renewed this rigorous vow at the tomb which ſhe has devoted to his memory, and thus promiſed to the dear departed object of her love a ſacrifice, which has driven to deſpair all thoſe whom her uncommon charms have enchanted. You would have ſhared the ſame fate, my Lord, if my power had not diſſolved the dreadful covenant which Amelia has made with the departed ſpirit of her Lord."

I ſtarted up like a maniac—"*That* you have done? *You* have done that?"

The Iriſhman roſe coolly from his ſeat: "Moderate your joy," ſaid he, "for you

don't know whether I have not deceived the Countefs!"

"O forget what I have faid in the heat of paffion. Beings like you are above flander. Forgive what I have faid!"

"When you come to **** ftop at the inn of St. James, and then you fhall be convinced by my actions that I have forgiven you." So faying, he fhook hands with me and left my apartment.

"Who is that incomprehenfible man?" faid I to myfelf. "Have I not been his mortal enemy half an hour ago, and now am again become his friend and admirer, am again enchained with fetters of which I fancied I had rid myfelf entirely? Is my weaknefs the fource of this unaccountable change, or is he in poffeffion of a magic charm by which he rules with fecret power every heart? O thou who once fhalt read this hiftory, whoever thou art, do not look fcornfully upon my relapfe. Thou haft not feen the countenance of that man, haft not heard him fpeak: I have been lefs enthralled by what he faid, than by the manner in which he

he ſpoke. The magic power which his looks, his mien, his accent, and every geſture gave to his words, rendered credible even what was improbable, and raiſed the latter to certainty. While he was ſpeaking I little thought to interrupt him, dwelling with ſecret pleaſure upon the contemplation of the ſeducing pictures which he placed before me, and only when in cooler blood, I began to anatomize and to ſcan the train of his arguments, I diſcovered defects, gaps, and improbabilities which ſhook the very baſe of my belief, and overclouded the charming proſpects which he diſplayed before my enraptured eyes. However, there was one idea on which I dwelled with joyful confidence. "It will be accompliſhed (I exclaimed) although every other promiſe of the Iriſhman ſhould prove airy phantoms. I ſhall ſee Amelia, and be happy!"

But this hope too began to dwindle away, after I had waited the next day at the inn to which I had been directed by the Iriſhman, from eight o'clock in the

morning till ſeven o'clock at night without having received tidings from Amelia. I was juſt going to take up my guitar in order to give vent to my melancholy ſenſations, when my ſervant came to tell me that a girl wanted to ſpeak to me. I ordered him to ſhew her to my apartment. After many curtſies and circumlocutions, the unknown fair one begged me at length to have the kindneſs to honor her lady with a viſit. Aſking her who her lady was, ſhe replied that ſhe durſt not tell me her name, but would ſhew me the way to the caſtle. "Then *your lady* has ſent you to me?" "God forbid! (ſhe replied): my lady knows not a ſyllable of my errand; and your Lordſhip muſt tell the ſervant to announce you by the name of the Marcheſe Albertini." "Who was it then that gave you that order?" "An officer in a blue uniform, (ſhe replied) who has paid a viſit to my lady ſome time ago. He told me where I ſhould find your Lordſhip; but, for heaven's ſake, don't tell my lady of it; for he has given me a louisd'or to conceal that circumſtance

ſtance from her!" Now I knew what to think of the matter. I could have kiſſed the little garrulous meſſenger. "There, take this (ſaid I, emptying my purſe in her apron) ſhew me inſtantly to the houſe of your lady!" The girl was enraptured with joy, hurried down ſtairs, and I followed her with impatient ſteps. She ſtopped in the ſecond ſtreet at a large palace, telling me that we were on the ſpot. I ordered the ſervant to tell his lady, the Marcheſe Albertini would be glad to wait on her Ladyſhip, and was admitted. I haſtened through the firſt apartment with a panting heart, and the ſecond door being opened, was very kindly received by an old lady. I was almoſt petrified by that unexpected ſight, like a poor diſappointed wretch who, deceived by magic art, expects to ruſh into the arms of an immortal beauty, ſuddenly embraces an old toothleſs beldam. The lady ſeemed to be equally ſurpriſed. I did not know whether it was on account of my perſon or of my aſtoniſhment—and I begged her pardon, in a faltering accent, for having

committed that miſtake, telling her that I had taken the liberty to intrude upon her, in hopes of ſeeing the Counteſs de Clairval, when——the door of a third apartment was opened, and a lady beautiful as an angel, dreſſed in white ſatin, and of a majeſtic form, made her appearance. I flew to meet her—and preſſed *Amelia*'s hand to my glowing lips.

"Her lovely cheeks were covered with a crimſon hue, and after a ſhort interval of ſilent aſtoniſhment, ſhe exclaimed: "Is it poſſible, my Lord! How does it happen that we have the honour of ſeeing you here?"

"I don't know it myſelf!" I exclaimed, "my life is an uninterrupted train of wonders, and it was certainly one of the moſt fortunate that has brought me to your Ladyſhip!"

"You find me in the company of a friend," Amelia ſaid, introducing me to the old lady, "whom I had loſt in my earlier youth, but found again four months ago through a moſt ſingular accident, which I however think to be one of the moſt

moſt fortunate of my life. You will recollect that when I related to you the hiſtory of my youth, I mentioned a white lady who appeared to me in the duſk of evening, in a grotto in my father's garden, and who had directed and cheered me in my juvenile years like a heavenly being—"

"And that white lady—"

"Is the Baroneſs de Delier, who is now ſtanding before you."

"Is it poſſible?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, it is really ſo!" replied the lady archly ſmiling.

I now began to examine her face more attentively. Her phyſiognomy was exceeding intereſting, bearing ſtrong marks of ſenſibility, and of former beauty, the traces of which the voracious tooth of time had not been able to deſtroy.

"My Lady," ſaid I, "the Counteſs has related to me ſo much that is noble and wonderful of you, that my aſtoniſhment is as natural as my curioſity will be deemed pardonable by you."

"I dare say," Amelia interrupted me, "it will give you pleasure if I beg the Baroness to be so kind as to explain that wonderful circumstance to you?"

"Why not?" replied Lady Delier, "let us sit down; old age is thought to be talkative; however I shall be brief in my narrative:—A friend of mine who knew Amelia, and was no stranger to the cruel treatment which she received from her unnatural mother, lived in a house which was separated from that of her parents only by two gardens. The description which my friend gave me of the sufferings of the innocent girl, affected me so much the more, as I ever have been uncommonly fond of children. I resolved to alleviate the hapless fate of the poor child, and with that view designed a plan, which I carried into excution, assisted by her nurse, whom I bribed with fair words and a sum of money. The gardens of my friend and Amelia's parents, were separated only by a wall, which had a little gate leading from the garden of the former to the grotto which

was in that of the latter. This gate was opened for me by the nurſe, who, according to my direction, always retired when I came, and watched at the entrance of the garden to warn me by a ſignal againſt ſudden ſurpriſe. I dare ſay, my Lord, Amelia will have informed you of my converſations and actions in the grotto."—

"But why did you conceal your name and rank from the Counteſs?" I enquired.

"In order to prevent being found out, if the little girl in her childiſh innocence ſhould have ſpoken of her meetings with the white lady. When Amelia advanced in years I continued the myſtery, becauſe I had obſerved that it gave to my viſits an additional value in her eyes, and rendered my conſolations and inſtructions more effective. However, I did not mean never to diſcloſe my name to her, and I had entruſted the ſolution of the myſtery to the ſealed paper which I gave to the daughter of my heart when I took leave of her, and which ſhe afterwards loſt."

"If I am not miſtaken, you gave the ſealed paper to the Counteſs, with the injunction to open it when ſhe ſhould have found the man whom her heart ſhould chooſe for a partner in her happineſs and affliction!"

"You are not miſtaken! it contained ſome inſtructions which are very uſeful to a girl who is in love."

"You foretold the Counteſs when you took leave of her, that her unhappy fate would take a fortunate turn after three months, and that prediction has really been accompliſhed by the aunt of the Counteſs."

"This was very natural, becauſe the whole matter had been arranged already by the interceſſion of my friend, who was very intimate with her aunt."

"But why did you not continue your viſits till the arrival of her aunt?"

"Becauſe I went abroad with the Baron de Delier."

"And you have never ſeen the Counteſs ſince?"

"No! and we ſhould perhaps never have met again, if important affairs had not

not called me to **** after the deceaſe of the Baron. I ſaw the Counteſs accidentally when I was coming from the cathedral. O! my Lord, what are all worldly pleaſures, if compared to the happineſs of ſuch a re-union? The emotions of my heart broke out ſo violently, that we were obliged to get in the carriage, and to drive to Amelia's hermitage, to prevent our being cruſhed to death by the gaping multitude."

"Indeed," exclaimed the Counteſs, ſhedding tears of ſenſibility, and preſſing the hand of the Baroneſs to her boſom, "I ſhall never forget that day while this heart is beating!"

"And yet, would you believe it, my Lord," reſumed the Baroneſs, after an affecting pauſe, "I could ſcarcely prevail upon her to leave the caſtle in the foreſt, and to remove to mine, where we are leading an happy and contented life. My Amelia was indeed turned a downright hermit."

"I confeſs, my dear friend," replied the Counteſs, "I was ſo charmed with my ſolitary

ſolitary reſidence, and the retired and quiet life I led ſuited the ſtate of my mind ſo well, that no one but my dear Baroneſs could have perſuaded me to change my ſituation."

The fleeting hours paſſed rapidly away amid pleaſing diſcourſes, and evening was already far advanced before I could reſolve to take leave of Amelia and her amiable companion. At length I parted reluctantly, and having been invited to repeat my viſit the day following returned to my lodging in a trance of happineſs and joy.

Amelia was the ſole object of my thoughts before I fell aſleep; Amelia's image ſweetened my reſt; her name was the firſt ſound which came from my lips when I awoke, and in her preſence I ſpent the greateſt part of the day in a trance of unſpeakable bliſs.

Her cheerfulneſs declined, however, with every new day; her ſerene looks began to grow gloomy; her innate frankneſs and affability gave room to reſerve and melancholy, which ſhe endeavoured

in

in vain to conceal. I ſurpriſed her ſeveral times fixing her eyes on me in a melancholy manner, and caſting down her looks with conſternation when ſhe perceived that I obſerved it—ſhe ſpoke little, and what ſhe ſaid was incoherent—yet her behaviour was not repelling—her boſom ſeemed to conceal ſome ſecret uneaſineſs, the cauſe of which I ſtrove in vain to explore. As often as I began to ſpeak of the *Unknown*, Amelia looked perplexed and timid at Lady Delier, who always turned the converſation to a different object. I was certain that the Iriſhman had been in the houſe; they even confeſſed that he had informed them of my elevation to the ducal dignity; but this was all that I could learn. This circumſtance and Amelia's behaviour gave riſe to apprehenſions which made me ſuffer the torments of hell. I could not endure this ſituation longer than four days; at the evening of the fourth day I took advantage of an opportunity which I had to ſpeak to Lady Delier in private, and preſſed her to unfold that myſtery to me.

After

Aftermany fruitleſs perſuaſions, I obtained at length the promiſe to be informed of what I ſo anxiouſly wiſhed to know, and was requeſted to meet her at twelve o'clock the next day in the fir grove behind the garden of the caſtle, when ſhe would ſatisfy my curioſity.

I awaited the noon-tide hour with impatience. At length the wiſhed for hour arrived, and with the laſt ſtroke I was going to haſten to the fir grove, however I met the Iriſhman on the ſtair-caſe. "Come with me, my Lord!" he ſaid, as ſoon as he ſaw me!

"Whither?"

"You will be ſurpriſed in a moſt pleaſing manner. Make haſte, my carriage is waiting for you."

"I cannot accept your invitation before one o'clock. I muſt finiſh firſt a buſineſs of great importance, which cannot be poſtponed."

"My buſineſs alſo cannot be poſtponed, and is of far greater importance. I am going to take you to an old acquaintance

quaintance whom you have ardently wiſhed to ſee this good while."

"An old acquaintance—whom I have ardently wiſhed to ſee?—it is not—"

"Your *tutor* I mean. Come, make haſte!"

I embraced the Iriſhman with a loud exclamation of joy, preſſed him vehemently to my heart and leaped into the carriage.

We drove through the city gate; our horſes gallopped at a furious rate, and yet they were too ſlow for my impatience. "Is he far from hence?" I exclaimed, "where does he live, is he well, does he know that I am coming?" "All that you ſhall know preſently!" ſaid the Iriſhman, ordering the coachman to ſtop.

We got out of the carriage, and the ſun was overclouding like the face of the Iriſhman. He uttered not a word, and made a ſilent ſignal to follow him.

The place where we were was a lonely ſolitary ſpot in the ſuburbs. The Iriſhman ſtopped at a high wall over which the tops of tall trees were protending. My conductor looked at me with a melancholy air,

air, and then beat with his fiſt againſt a large gate. The folding doors burſt open with a dreadful noiſe, and I beheld a burying place before me. The Iriſhman entered. "What buſineſs have we here?" I exclaimed in a faltering accent. "Come along and be a man!" ſo ſaying, he pulled me after him, and the door was ſhut again by an inviſible hand.

The ſtillneſs of eternal reſt, and the horrors of corruption which were hovering around me, whiſpered audibly in my ear that this was not a reſidence fit for living beings. "Is my tutor here?" I enquired after a dreadful pauſe. The Iriſhman remained ſilent. "Hiermanſor! is my tutor here?"

"He is."

"Alas! then he is dead!" I ſtammered, ſtaggering againſt a tomb-ſtone to ſupport myſelf.

The face of the Iriſhman began to brighten up; he took me by the hand: "Come, my Lord, and convince yourſelf, that even on this ſpot, where common men behold nothing but death and corruption,

ruption, the flower of life is blooming!" With theſe words, he led me round the corner of a ſmall chapel, and I beheld what at firſt appeared to me the deluſion of a dream, my tutor ſtanding five paces diſtant from me upon a tomb; he was dreſſed in a white garment, and ſeemed to await me in tranquil expectation: "Antonio! my friend!" I exclaimed, quivering with joy, and flew with expanded arms to the tomb, but ſhuddered with horror when I graſped through an airy phantom inſtead of embracing my friend."

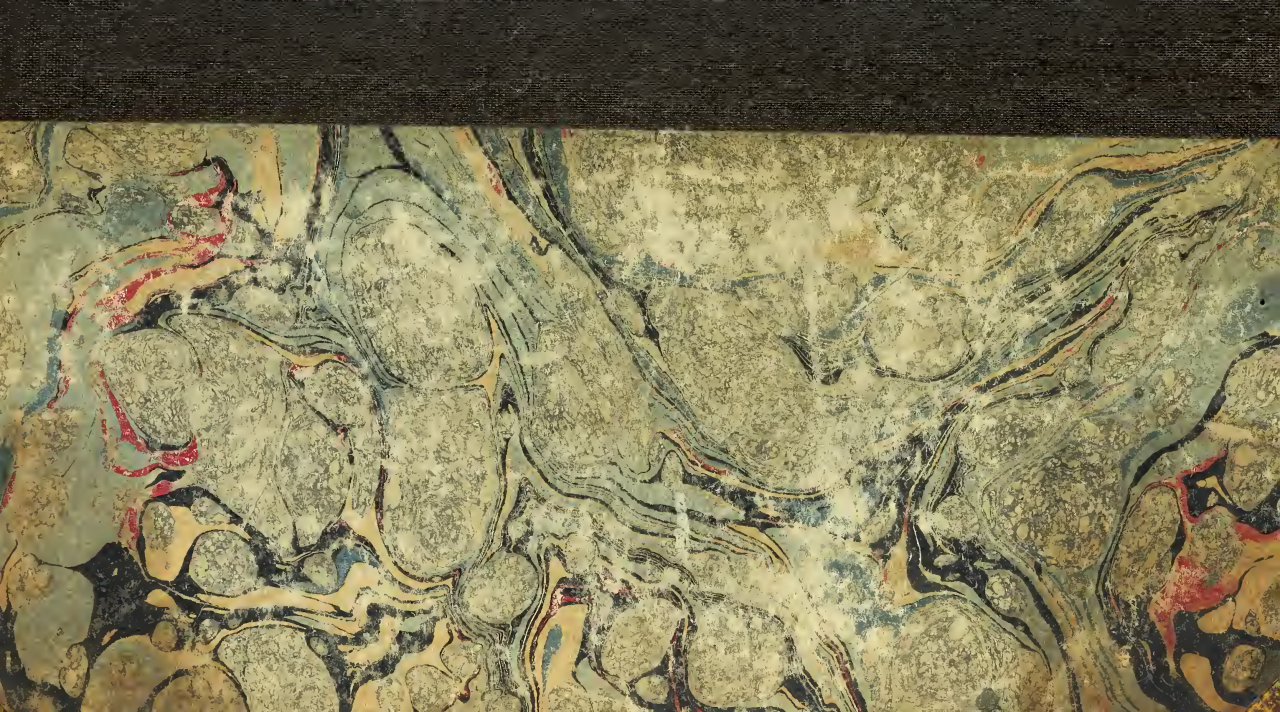
"Don't be afraid, Miguel!" ſaid the ethereal being, without once opening his lips, or making the leaſt motion, "I am no apparition from the other world. I am yet living; however, the more ſolid parts of my body are above 600 miles diſtant. My ſpirit has aſſumed this form in order to communicate her ideas to thee. Thou wilt at ſome future period comprehend this myſtery if thou doſt follow the directions of Hiermanſor. Young man, there exiſts a felicity upon earth more ſublime than the love of women. Leave Amelia and haſten to Ma***d. Endeavour

to

to break the abominable fetters whereby thy country is chained to the throne of a deſpot. Down into the duſt with Vaſcon**llos, who has forged theſe chains, and encreaſes their weight every day. Thou ſhalt ſee me again when thy country is reſtored to liberty, and I will lead Amelia to thy arms. 'Till then Miguel, farewell!"

The viſion was not diſſolved, nor did it ſink into the ground, nor riſe aloft, and yet it was removed in the twinkling of an eye. "Antonio, my friend!" I exclaimed, "if thy ſpirit is ſtill hovering around me, tell me whether I may confide blindly in Hiermanſor?"

The viſion re-appeared on the tomb as quick as thought. "Follow the advice of Hiermanſor," he ſaid, "he will ſupply my place. I have miſtaken him like thyſelf; however, thou ſhalt know him too as he is known to me; and then we ſhall be united by ſtronger ties."

The viſion diſappeared, and I heard the *Unknown* calling to me from the other ſide of the chapel.

END OF VOLUME THE SECOND.